# *The* GOSPEL PILOT HYMNAL

EDITED BY
D. B. TOWNER
AND
FRENCH E. OLIVER

PUBLISHED BY
The Lorenz Publishing Co.
216-218 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.
CHICAGO, ILL.

List of Editions and Prices on Inside Title Page

FEB 1 1 1953

THE

# Gospel Pilot Hymnal

*A Collection of New and Standard Hymns for Sunday Schools, Young Peoples' Societies, Gospel and Social Meetings*

HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Evangelical United Brethren Church
783.7
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832

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# The Gospel Pilot Hymnal.

**No. 1.** **Holy, Holy, Holy!**

REGINALD HEBER, D. D. Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Ser - a-phim
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pur-i - ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty!

No. 2.

# Crowns of Glory.

I Peter 5: 4.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the toilsome march is o - ver, When the burdens are laid down,
2. Till the glo-rious race is finished, Till the crown of life is won,
3. Lone - ly watch-er by the way-side, Mar - i - ner up - on the deep,

Heav'n will ring with hal-le - lu - jahs As the vic - tor takes his crown.
Press-ing forward, look to Je - sus, Seek to win the glad "Well done."
Wea - ry sol - dier in life's bat - tle, Pil-grim on the mountain steep,

Onward, onward, thro' life's shadows, In the evening light will shine,
Clouds of wit-ness-es a-round us Watch the toilers on their way,
Look above you, look beyond you, Where the crown and kingdom wait;

Oh, the glorious co - ro - na - tion By the pierced Hand di - vine.
They will join the raptured cho-rus On the fi - nal crowning day.
No more sor-row, no more sin - ning, When we pass that Cit-y Gate.

CHORUS.

Crowns of glo - ry, crowns of glo - ry, Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear,

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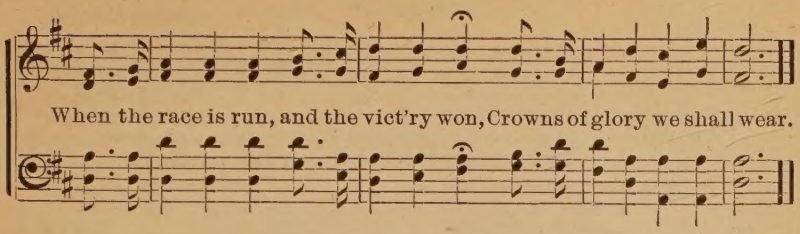
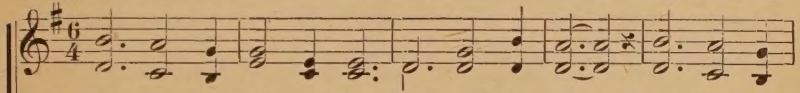
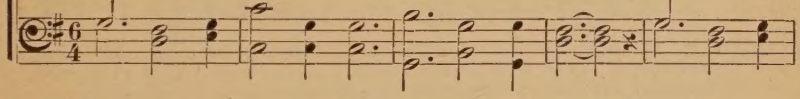



## No. 3. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

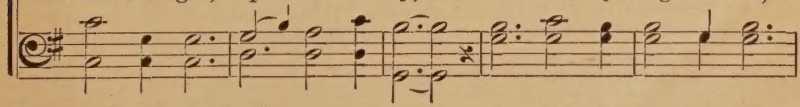
SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

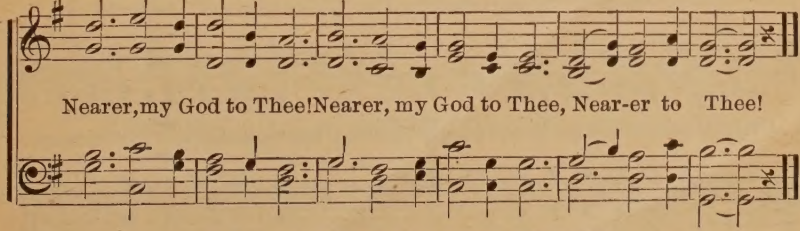


1. Near - er, my God to Thee, Near-er, to Thee, E'en tho' it
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then with my wak-ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and



be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
send - est me, In mer-cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me
ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,



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FEB 11 1953

# No. 4. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. CONSECRATION. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

*Andante.*

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak,
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,

It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je-sus the cru - ci - fied,

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

*f.* FINE.

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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No. 5.

# My Saviour First of All.

"We shall see Him as He is." I Jno. 3: 3.

FANNY J. CROSBY — JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end - ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-tre of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That prepares for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him,

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

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No. 6.

# The Sweetest Story.

John 3: 16.

MARY B. WINGATE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I heard it first at mother's knee, The sto-ry of a love so free;
2. And when in days of doubt and sin, The tempter thought my soul to win,
3. And oh, the joy my soul has known! The doubt and darkness all are flown,
4. And when my work on earth is o'er, I'll sing it on a brighter shore,

The love that drew the wondrous plan Of saving lost re-bel-lious man.
That sto - ry came in might-y pow'r, And saved me in that awful hour.
I find His serv-ice highest bliss, Was ev - er sto - ry sweet as this?
No ser - aph in that mighty throng Can sing a no-bler, sweeter song,

CHORUS.

The sweetest sto-ry ev - er heard, The sweetest sto-ry ev - er heard,

I read it in God's Ho-ly Word, The sweetest sto-ry ev - er heard.

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# No. 7. In the Fortress of His Love.

Psalm 46: 1.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Sin has thrown its ar-rows 'round me And with snares my path-way wove; But I'm safe what-e'er be-tides me,
2. Storms have raged, and tempests shat-tered Ev-'ry hope sent from a-bove; But my sin-tossed soul found shel-ter,
3. When life's day is turned to dark-ness, And down pleas-ure's path we rove; There lurks dan-ger—seek for suc-cor,
4. Tho' ar-rayed in strong-est ar-mor, "Tried and true," from heav'n a-bove; Sa-tan's shafts can nev-er reach me

CHORUS.

In the for-tress of His love. I will sing.... the love of Je-sus, When my strength its weakness prove, I will find... the sur-est ref-uge In the for-tress of His love.

I will sing yes, I'll sing, when my strength weak-ness prove, I will find. In the for-tress

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No. 8.

# Living in the Sunshine.

Jno. 8:12.

J. Edward Ruark. D. B. Towner.

1. Are you liv - ing in the sunshine, 'Tis your priv - i - lege to be,
2. Oh, the bliss-ful hap-py moments When our blessed Lord is near,
3. When our work on earth is end - ed, And we reach our home on high,

Are you walk - ing dai - ly close to Je - sus' side? You can
How our hearts then burn with-in us by the way; When we
When at last to us the pearl - y gates un - fold, We shall

have the bless - ed sun-shine All a - long your pil - grim way,
know that Je - sus leads us, There is nought we need to fear,
live in God's own sun - shine Safe with Je - sus by and by,

If you take the Sav - iour as your Friend and Guide.
Let us lis - ten to His mes - sage and o - bey.
In that cit - y where the streets are paved with gold.

Chorus.

Let us live in the sun - shine,
Let us live, ev - er live in the sun - shine,

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# Living in the Sunshine.—Concluded.

In the bright and glo-rious sun-shine ev - 'ry day,
ev - 'ry day,

Let us live in the sun - shine,
Let us live, ev - er live in the sun - shine,

Live with Je - sus in the sun - shine all the way.

## No. 9. I'm Going Home.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Wm. Miller.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

Cho. { I'm go - ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

# No. 10. Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

Romans 12: 10.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest hap - pi - ness, Would you know its great-est blessedness, Would you know its tru-est joy - ful - ness,
2. Pleasant smiles will cheer a droop - ing heart, Kind - ly words re- lieve a bitter smart, Help-ing hands to weakness strength impart,
3. Ma - ny hearts are crushed with bit-ter woe, Ma - ny hearts with grief are bending low, Ma-ny hearts need help you can be - stow,

CHORUS.

Make some oth - er heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help a broth-er, Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kindly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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# No. 11. Thou Sun of Righteousness.

Evangelist M. B. Williams. Cho. by F. E. O.

French E. Oliver.

1. Thou Sun of Righteousness a - rise, Thy healing wings un-fold,
2. Shine midst the gloom, light up our sky With beams of heav'nly grace;
3. Our hearts shall glow beneath the ray, Our souls on fire with love;

Dis-pel the damps of sin's dark night, And warm our hearts, so cold.
That thro' these earth-born clouds may show Thy smiling, tender face.
We'll watch and work to speed that day, Thy com-ing from a - bove.

Chorus.

A - rise, a - rise,..... A - rise, a - rise,.....
A - rise, a - rise, A - rise, a - rise,

Thy wait-ing peo - ple bless; A - rise, a - rise,.....
A - rise, a - rise,

A - rise, a - rise,..... Thou Sun of Right-eous-ness.
A - rise, a - rise,

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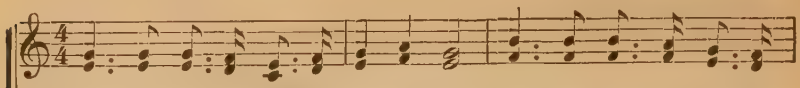
No. 12.

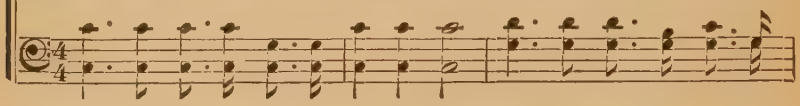
# At Calvary.

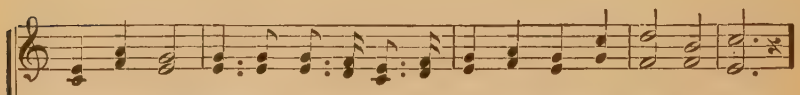
"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." James 5: 11.

WM. R. NEWELL. D. B. TOWNER.

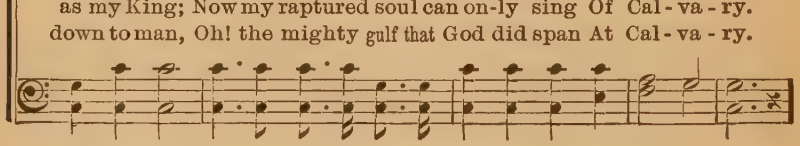


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry-thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh! the love that drew salvation's plan! Oh! the grace that brought it

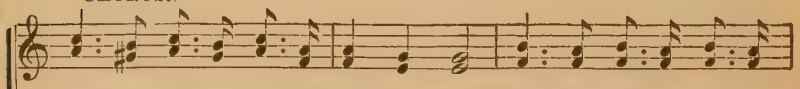




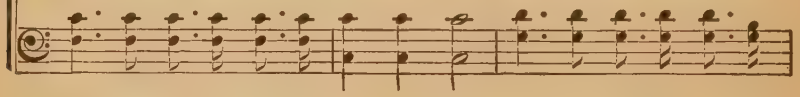
cru - ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
law I'd spurned, Till my guilty soul imploring turned To Cal - va - ry.
as my King; Now my raptured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
down to man, Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

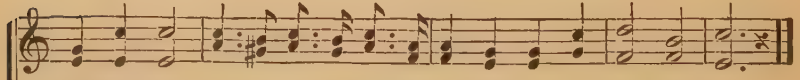


CHORUS.

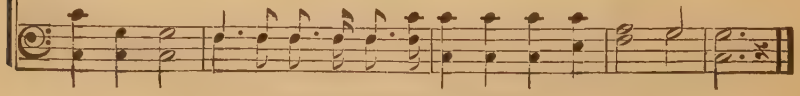


Mercy there was *great* and grace was *free*, Par - don there was mul-ti-





plied to me, There my burdened soul found liberty, At Cal - va - ry.



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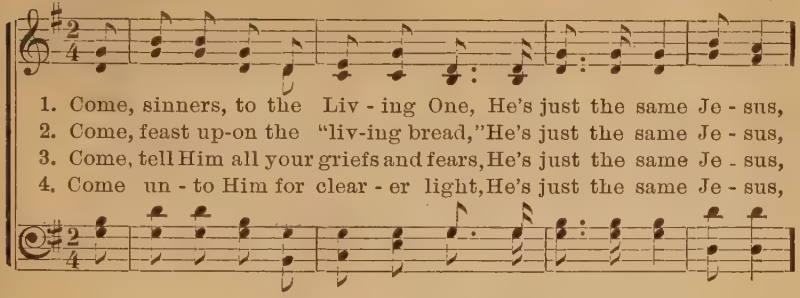
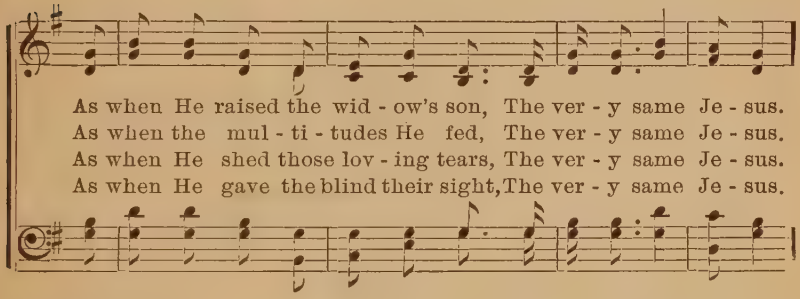
# No. 13. The Very Same Jesus.

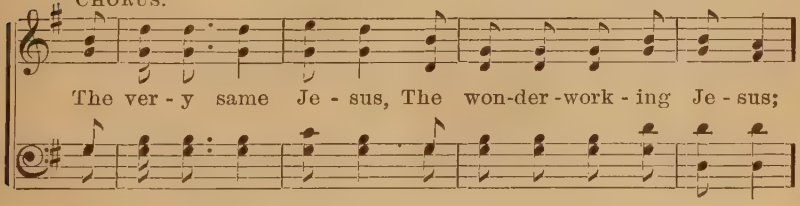
"This same Jesus." Acts 1: 2.

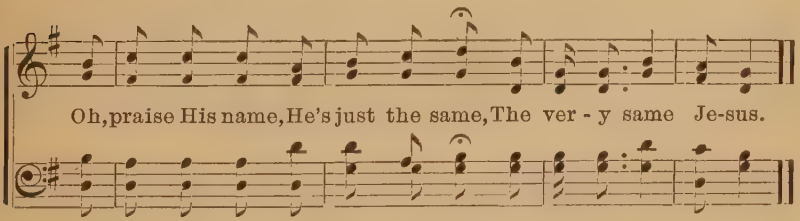
H. L. EDMUNDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




CHORUS.




5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus,
As when He hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
He's just the same Jesus,
Oh, blessed day for you and me!
The very same Jesus.

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16

No. 14.

# Jesus at the Door.

Rev. 3: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. DR. FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

1. At thy heart the Lord is stand-ing, Griev'd and slighted
2. He was bruised for thy trans-gress-ions; Once a crown of
3. Oh how glad - ly would He en - ter, There to dwell for
4. O - pen quick -ly, time is fly - ing, Soon His voice will

o'er and o'er, Still is knock - ing, plead - ing, call - ing,
thorns He wore; Still thy pa - tient Lord is say - ing,
ev - er - more; Hear a - gain His voice en - treat - ing,
plead no more; He is wait - ing for Thy an - swer,

REFRAIN.

Why not o - pen now the door? See the Sav-iour now is

stand - ing, He is knocking at thy heart; Sinner, rise and
standing at the door. at thy heart;

bid Him en - ter, Lest from thee He should depart.
en - ter, bid Him en - ter,

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# No. 15. I'll Trust Where I Cannot See.

"The Lord is my light." Psalm 27: 1.

MRS. ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have a Fa - ther who is wise, He plans my life for me;
2. My heav'nly Fa - ther is so strong No harm can come to me;
3. My Father loves each wand'ring child, I know that He loves me;
4. My lov-ing Fa - ther has for me A home beyond the sky,

I know His wis-dom can-not fail, And trust where I can-not see.
His might-y arm wards off each foe, I'll trust where I can-not see.
So what He gives is sure-ly best, I'll trust where I can-not see.
And what I can - not un-der-stand, I'll know in the bye-and-bye.

CHORUS.

I'm trav'ling toward the heav'nly land, And when life's dark to me, I'll

*Rall.*

let my Fa - ther hold my hand, And trust where I cannot see.

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No. 16.

# Wholly Following.

Joshua 14: 8.

*Respectfully dedicated to Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.*

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. Be - fore the Sav-iour's judgment seat, His ran-somed serv-ants
2. When, like a flame of fire, His eyes Shall pierce each im - po-
3. No will of mine would I re - tain, No share in world - ly
4. Then whether He shall come to - day Or tar - ry long - er

all shall meet; And some in con-fi-dence shall come, While some in
tent dis-guise—In that dread hour may I be one To hear Him
hon - or vain, But in His love a - lone a - bide, Nor wish for
on the way, At morn - ing bright or ev-'ning dim, Still may He

CHORUS.

bit - ter shame are dumb,
soft - ly say "Well done."
aught on earth be - side.
find me fol - l'wing Him.
} Lord, when I stand be - fore Thy

throne, And know at last, As I am known, May I re-

joice Thy face to see, Be - cause I whol - ly fol-lowed Thee.

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# No. 17. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Acts. 3: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gath-er to Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to Him in faith, His pro-tec-tion to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near, With a ten-der com-pas-sion His children to hear; When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev-'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
3. 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing heart He removes ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how
4. At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him we be-lieve That the bless-ing we're needing we'll surely re-ceive; In the fullness of this trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

*D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how*

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

sweet to be there! Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour of pray'r;

*sweet to be there!*

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## No. 18. Search the Scriptures.

MARY B. WINGATE. JOHN, 5: 39. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Search the scriptures! search them daily, Feasting on the "Bread of Life."
2. Search the scriptures! search them ev-er, Saf-est guide of age or youth,
3. Search the scriptures! wondrous treasures In the storehouse thou shalt find,
4. Search the scriptures! learn of Je-sus, Claim the rich-es of His grace,

Gaining strength in hours of weakness, Finding rest in toil and strife.
Learning as the years roll o'er thee Lessons rare of love and truth.
Strength and healing for the bod-y, "Hid-den Man-na" for the mind.
Till the light of life e-ter-nal Shines and glows on ev-'ry face.

Naught of earth-ly wit and wis-dom For one moment can compare
Search the scriptures! fount of wis-dom, A-ble still to make thee wise
Search the scriptures! doubts will van-ish, And thy soul shall tru-ly know
Through the "Val-ley of the shad-ow" Let it light thy lone-ly way,

With the "Word of Life," e-ter-nal, With its precepts, rich and rare.
Un-to full and free sal-va-tion, More and more its fullness prize.
Thou art saved and saved for-ev-er! Per-fect cleansing, white as snow.
Till the ear-ly glow of morning Brightens to the per-fect day.

CHORUS.

Search the scrip - tures! search the scrip-tures! For tis

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## Search the Scriptures.—Concluded.

they which tes - ti - fy of me; Search the scrip - tures!

Search the scrip-tures! For in them ye find the way of Life.

## No. 19. Come, Thou Fount.

REV. R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; Streams of mer - cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }

*D.C.—Praise the mount I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.*

D. C.

Teach me some mel-o-dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues above;

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

# No. 20. Jesus is Passing This Way.

"He was to pass that way." Luke 19: 4.

ANNIE L. JAMES. W. H. DOANE.

*Gently.*

1. Is there a heart that is wait-ing, Longing for par-don to - day?
2. Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, Quickly now un - to Him go;
3. List - en, the Spir-it is call-ing, Je - sus will free-ly for - give,
4. He is so ten-der and lov - ing, He is so near you to - day;

*Rit.*

Hear the glad message we bring you, Je - sus is pass-ing this way.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, Par-don and peace He'll bestow.
Why not this moment ac - cept Him? Trust in God's mercy and live.
O-pen your heart to re-ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus is passing this way,..... This way,..... to - day;....
Je - sus is pass-ing, is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing this way, Is pass-ing to-day;

*Rit.*

Je - sus is pass-ing this way,.... Is pass-ing this way to - day.
way to - day,

Copyright, 1895, by W. H. Doane.

# No. 21. Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

Eccel. 11: 6.

P. H. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the Master's
2. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the ear - ly
3. Are you sowing the seed of the kingdom, brother, In the heart of

field so fair? Are you casting it forth with a full hand, brother, In the morn so bright? Are you sowing the seed as the day wears onward, And aften - der years? Are you sowing the seed o'er the ground so stony. Toiling

CHORUS.

strength of faith and pray'r?
proach the shades of night?
on with pray'rs and tears?

Oh, the spring so bright is passing by,
passing by,

And the reap-ing time will surely come; Haste! the seed wide
Surely come;

fling-ing, Then at last come, bringing Golden sheaves for the harvest-home.

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No. 22.

# Hear the Word.

*Respectfully dedicated by the author to his choir in Music Hall, Cincinnati, during the Moody meetings.*

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Come, for all is read - y, and the feast is spread,
2. Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, hear the ech - o sweet,
3. Wel - come, ev - er wel - come to the feast of love,
4. You who know how pre - cious is His grace so free,

Come, for Je - sus of - fers you the liv - ing Bread. Hear His in - vi-
Call - ing in the wand'ring to the Sav - ior's feet. Heed the ten - der
Who - so - ev - er will, may see His face a - bove. Hark, with hal-le-
Take the gift of life yet more a-bund - ant - ly. Spread the in - vi-

ta - tion 'mid the toil and strife, Come, and take the gift of life.
mes-sage, seek the great re - ward, Hear the voice of Christ your Lord.
lu - jahs, how the high courts ring, Come, and crown the Savior King.
ta - tion, there is room for all, Sound abroad the lov - ing call.

CHORUS.

Hear..... the word, All..... may come,
Hear the word of God's own Son, Who-so - ev - er will, may come,

With - out price,.....
With-out money, without price, Come and take e - ter - nal life.

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# No. 23. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

Psalm 23: 4.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET, *ad lib.*

1. Lead me, gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,
2. Lead me, gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home,

When life's toils are ended, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall
In life's darkest hours Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from

tempt me, Ne'er from Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Fa-ther,
wand'ring, Lest from Thee I'll roam, Lest I'll fall up-on the wayside,

REFRAIN.

Lead me gently home. Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther,
Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently

lead me gen-tly, gently home.
home, Father, Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago, Ill.

No. 24.

# I Sing of the Home-land.

John 14: 2.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O'er all the hills of Home-land, And thro' its peace-ful vales,
2. My Sav-iour dwells in Home-land, He's fair - est of the fair;
3. There is no death in Home-land, No fun - 'ral dirg - es toll;

The mu - sic of the ran-somed Is float - ing on the gales;
My friends who left me lone - ly Are wait - ing for me there;
There is no sad, sad fare-well, No wea - ry, sin-sick soul—

A trav - 'ler to that coun-try, Our Fa-ther's fold a - bove,
A worn and wea - ry trav - 'ler, I go and share their bliss;
Christ bring us all to know Him, And save us by His truth;

Here on the shores of Earth-land I sing of the home of love.
Far from my na - tive coun - try, I faint on the sands of this.
God grant we find in Home-land The bloom of e - ter- nal youth!

CHORUS.

I sing of home and the Homeland, Its joy and its beau-ties rare;

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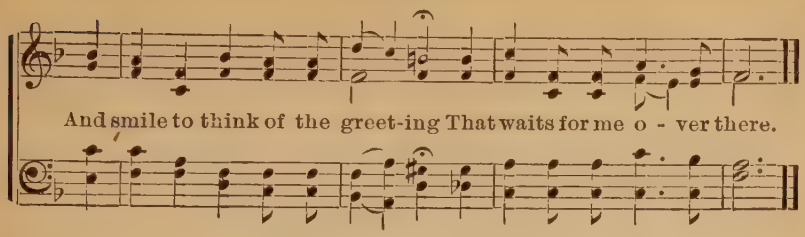


## No. 25. All the Day Long.

Rev. G. W. Crofts. D. B. Towner.

1. The pre-cious Sav-iour's by my side, All the day long;
2. With-in my spir - it there is peace, All the day long;
3. He grants me His sus - tain - ing grace, All the day long;
4. So I will serve Him with my might, All the day long;

And when the tem-pests rise in pride, With in the Rock 'tis
'Tis some-times more than hap-pi - ness, A fore - taste of my
While look-ing on His pa - tient face, I stand a he - ro
He is my joy, my life, my light, My hope, my strength, my

then I hide, All the day long, All the day long.
fu - ture bliss, All the day long, All the day long.
in my place, All the day long, All the day long.
ar - mor bright, All the day long, All the day long.

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No. 26.

# Jesus is Living With Me.

Mrs. W. G. Moyer. Eph. 3: 17. I. H. Meredith.

1. Tho' ma - ny my bur - dens and sor - rows, And ma - ny the tri - als I see, My heart is o'er-flow-ing with glad-ness, For
2. The joys of my life may all fail me, And friendship and for-tune may flee, But these have no pow - er to move me, When
3. Tho' all of life's work be un - no - ticed, And tho' I for - got-ten should be, I can - not be wea - ry or lone - ly Since
4. Some day my frail tent shall be fold - ed, Mine eyes to earth's glo - ries grow dim; I then shall a - wake in His like - ness, And

Je - sus is liv - ing with me. Liv - - ing with me,.....
Je - sus is liv - ing with me.
Je - sus is liv - ing with me.
ev - er be liv - ing with Him. Living with me, yes, liv-ing with me,

Liv - - ing with me,..... Je - - - sus, my
Living with me, yes, liv - ing with me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, is

*Rit.*

Sav - - ior, Is liv - - ing with me .....
liv - ing with me, Is liv - ing with me, yes, liv - ing with me.

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No. 27.

# Beneath the Blood.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood! even the forgiveness of sins." Col. 1: 14.

W. J. KENNEDY, arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be-neath the sprinkled blood, In safe - ty now I stand;
2. For me the Lamb was slain, For me was shed the blood,
3. My soul hath found sweet rest Beneath the sprinkled blood,
4. The bless - ed Son of God From sin hath made me free;
5. Then plunge beneath the flood And par - don free re - ceive;

Redeemed and owned of God, Kept by His might-y hand.
That cleanseth ev - 'ry stain, That re - con-ciles to God.
No long - er I'm op - pressed, With sin's dark, heav - y load.
His own redeem-ing blood Hath ransomed e - ven me.
A just and lov - ing God, E - ter - nal life will give.

CHORUS.

Be - neath.... the blood,.... With all my sins I go,
Be - neath the blood, the sprink - led blood,

And in..... that flood,.... He makes them white as snow.
And in that flood, that crim-son flood.

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30

# No. 28. There is Glory in My Soul.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis. Isaiah 58: 8. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav-ior, There is
2. Since He cleansed my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is
3. Since with God I've walked, hav-ing sweet com-mun-ion, There is
4. Since I en - tered Canaan on my way to heav-en, There is

glo-ry in my soul! Since by faith I sought and obtained God's favor,
glo-ry in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in loving kindness,
glo-ry in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'nly un-ion,
glo-ry in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en,

Chorus.

There is glo-ry in my soul. Yes, there's glory, glory, there is glory in my soul!

Ev-'ry day bright-er grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is

glo-ry, glo-ry, yes, there's glory in my soul, There is glory in my soul!

glory in my soul.

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# No. 29. The Substitute Saviour.

I Peter 2: 24, 25.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O Christ, Thy precious self hath borne Up - on the curs - ed tree,
2. O Christ, Thy righteousness hath made Thy servant dead to sin,
3. O Christ, Thy Shepherd heart hath loved Thy lost and wand'ring sheep,
4. O Christ, Thy wondrous grace hath stirred Our deepest notes of joy,

The sin of all the sons of men, The sin that bur - dened me.
And wrought in me a heart to love And ho - li - ness a - kin.
And fol - lowed it o'er pas-ture wild And in - to ston - y deep.
And wak-ened chords of grat-i - tude No an - gel tongues em-ploy.

Hath borne my sin, my soul to win, Thy cross hath set me free,
Hath made me new, Thy Spir-it true In pow - er dwells with - in,
Hath bro't it home, no more to roam, But ev - er - more to keep,
Hath giv-en peace, that years increase, And nothing can de - stroy,

Hath borne my sin, my soul to win, Thy cross hath set me free.
Hath made me new, Thy Spir-it true In pow - er dwells with - in.
Hath bro't it home, no more to roam, But ev - er - more to keep.
Hath giv-en peace, that years increase, And nothing can de - stroy.

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No. 30.

# Sing Praise to His Name.

Psalm 146: 1.

H. E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. By and by we shall meet on the bright, golden shore, Cast our
2. Let us toil, let us fight, while we tar - ry be - low, Let us
4. Let us take up the cross, ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry day, Be it

crowns at the feet of the One we a-dore; Join the glo - ri - fied
stand for the right in the face of the foe, Let us work while we
sor-row or loss, nev-er an - swer Him nay, What He wills, let us

band in their joy - ous re-frain, All in praise of the Lamb who for
may for our Sav-iour and Lord, Gath-er trophies each day for the
do, till we hear the word "Come," Then the gates en - ter thro' His

CHORUS.

sin - ners was slain.
home of reward.
own roy - al home.
} We shall meet in the glad by and by.

by and by,

Hal-le - lu-jah! sing praise to His name, We shall meet in the

precious name,

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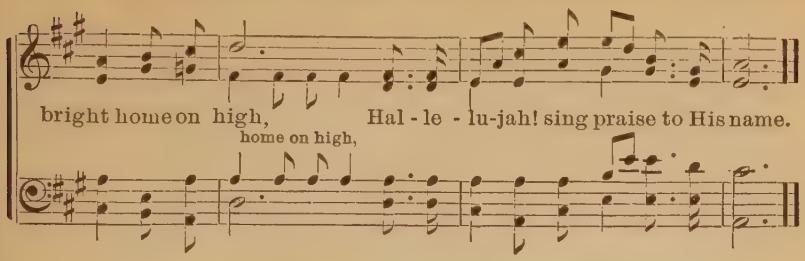


## No. 31. The Way is Dark, O Jesus.

Psalm 23: 4.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. The way is dark, O Je - sus! Is this the way to Thee?
2. I choose Thy way, O Je - sus! What was that way, my child?
3. Then wilt thou choose that hard way, And bear that heav-y cross?
4. If thou wilt walk with Me, child, Thy burdens I will bear,

Child, wilt thou choose thine own way? Or wilt thou fol - low Me?
Despised wert Thou, O Mas - ter, Re - ject - ed and re - viled!
I choose to walk with Thee, Lord, And count all things but loss,
And in the heav'n-ly King-dom My glo - ry thou shalt share.

Child wilt thou choose thine own way, Or wilt thou fol - low Me?
Despised wert Thou, O Mas - ter, Re - ject - ed and re - viled
I choose to walk with Thee, Lord, And count all things but loss.
And in the heav'n-ly King - dom My glo - ry thou shalt share.

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34

## No. 32. Why Dost Thou Wander Away.

"Return unto the Lord, thy God." Hosea 14: 1.

Rev. E. G. Wesley. D. B. Towner.

1. Why dost thou wander a - way from thy Lord? Je-sus is calling thee
2. Calling thee home from thy sin and its tears? Je-sus is calling thee
3. All thy pol - lu-tion He wash-es a - way, Je-sus is calling thee

home, Call - ing thee now thro' the truth of His Word, Je-sus is
home, Call - ing thee home from thy sor-row and fears, Je-sus is
home, Come with thy bur - den He'll not say thee nay, Je-sus is

call-ing thee home, Now He is wait - ing the soul to re-ceive;
call-ing thee home, Why not ac - cept your Re - deem-er to-night?
call-ing thee home, Art thou un-worth - y? His blood yet a - vails,

Now He will help you His Word to be - lieve; Now ev - 'ry
Why will you per - ish with heav - en in sight? See thro' its
Trembling and doubting, His word nev - er fails, Held by thy

need of thy heart He'll re - lieve; Je - sus is call-ing thee home.
portals the "Home-light" so bright, Je - sus is call-ing thee home.
weakness?' Tis Je - sus pre - vails, Je - sus is call-ing thee home.

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# Why Dost Thou Wander Away?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus is calling thee home, ...
Call-ing thee home, Call-ing thee home, Je - sus is call ing, is call-ing thee home.

Call - ing, call - ing Je - sus is calling thee home.
Calling thee home, call-ing thee home, Je - sus is call - ing, is calling thee home.

## No. 33. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

*f.* FINE.

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con-tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, brok-en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

*D. S.—While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

No. 34.

# We're on the Way.

S. M. SAYFORD. Deut. 8: 7-8. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The prom-ised land! by faith I see Where God's own glo - ry gilds the day, Where we shall dwell with Christ redeem'd, By
2. The prom-ised land! where thousands dwell, Who've washed their robes in Je - sus' blood, With them we'll wave the branch of palm, When
3. The prom-ised land! with mansions fair, Where Je - sus now pre - pares a place, From whence He'll come to take us home, And
4. The prom-ised land! the Fath-er's house A - waits us on the shin - ing shore, When there we'll strike our harps of gold, And

CHORUS.

His own grace we're on the way.
we have cross'd the nar - row flood. We're on the way, we're
we shall see Him face to face.
praise His name for ev - er more.

on the way, To glo - ry - land, We're on the way; We fol - low Je - sus day by day, He leads us all a-long the way.

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No. 35.

# Are You Weary?

Matt. 11: 28.

Mrs. J. W. Kennedy, arr. D. B. Towner.

1. Are you wea-ry, heav - y la - den, Do you long for peace and rest?
2. Are you wea-ry with sin's pleasures, That can nev-er sat - is - fy?
3. Are you wea-ry with the friendship This vain world has to be - stow?
4. Are you wea-ry with life's burdens, With its con-flicts and its care?
5. Come to Je-sus, wea-ry, lost one, Come, for He is pass-ing by;

Je-sus waits with full for-give-ness; For the soul with sin oppressed.
Would you have joys pure and lasting, That earth's gold can never buy?
Come to Christ, the friend of sinners, Then true friendship you shall know.
Come with all thy need to Je - sus, Sweetest rest is for thee there.
Ven-ture all, and ful - ly trust Him, He will save and sat - is - fy.

Chorus.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, He will all your sins for-give;

*Rall.*

He is call-ing, He is call-ing, Trust Him now and you shall live.

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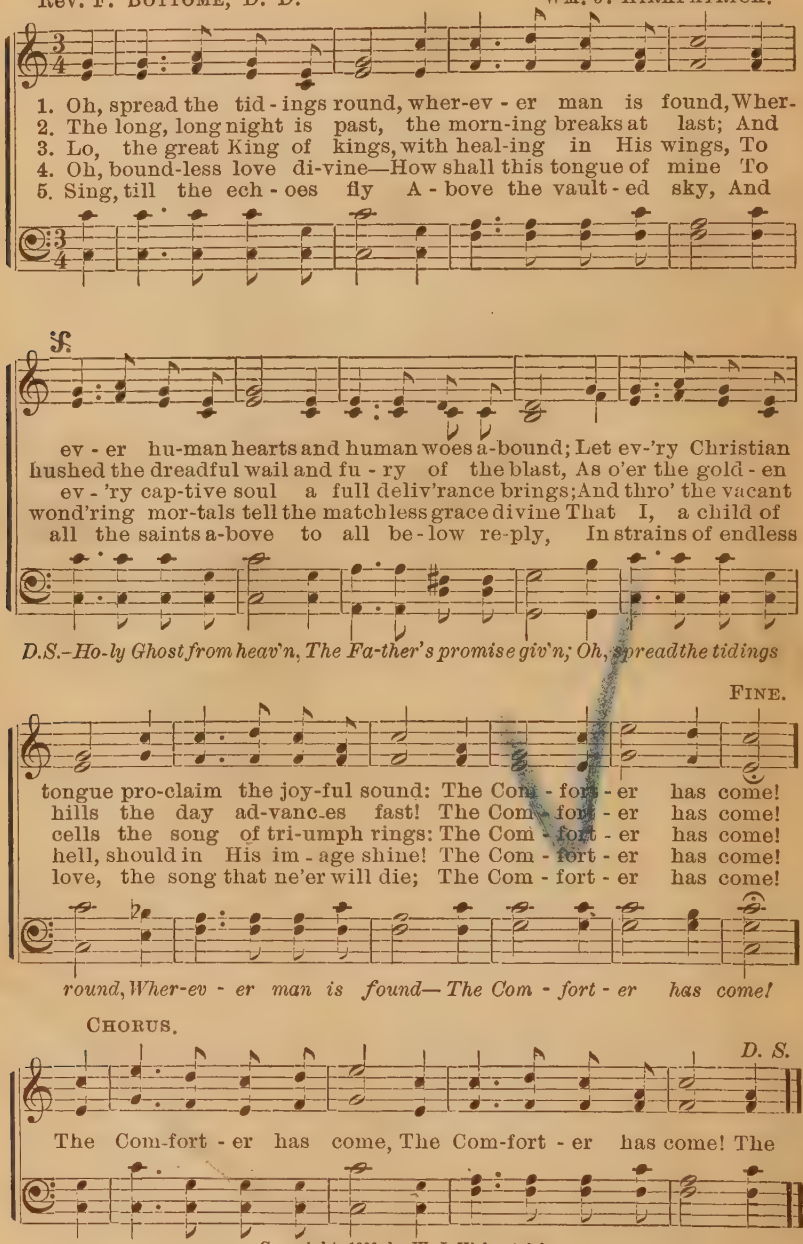
# No. 36. The Comforter Has Come.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 14: 16.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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No. 37.

# Carry it All to Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you." I Pet. 5:7.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

*Andantino.*

1. Car - ry thy sor-row to Je - sus, On - ly His heart can feel
2. Car - ry thy bur-den to Je - sus, Anx-ious for noth - ing be;
3. Car - ry thy fail - ure to Je - sus, Trust Him to keep thee true;
4. Car - ry thy long-ing to Je - sus, Plead for the liv - ing Bread;
5. Car - ry each mo-ment to Je - sus, Fol - low Him all the way,

All that thine own hath suf - fered; On - ly His love can heal.
E - ven the birds He guard - eth— Shall He not care for thee?
Strong is the Lord, thy Cap - tain! Might-y to will and do!
Bless-ed are they that hun - ger! Sure-ly they shall be fed!
Faithful thro' storm and sun - shine, Trusting thro' night and day.

CHORUS.

Car - ry it all to Je - sus, Take Him thy bur-den of care,

Car - ry it all to Je - sus, Leave it with Him in prayer.

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No. 38.

# When the Roll is Called.

2 Cor. 5: 10.

J. M. B. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trump - et of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks e-ter-nal, bright and fair,
2. When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the (*Omit*)
2. On that bright and cloud-less morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share;
2. When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be- yond the skies, And the (*Omit.*)
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care;
3. Then when all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the (*Omit.*)

1

2

FINE. CHORUS.

roll is called up yonder, I'll be there. When the roll .... is called up yon - - der, When the roll .... is called up yon- - der, When the roll .... is called up yonder, When the

When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - der,

*D. S.—roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.*

D. S.

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No. 39.

# Let Him In.

Rev. 3: 20.

Rev. J. R. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stranger at the door: Let Him in!
2. O-pen now to Him your heart: Let Him in!
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in!
4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

He has been there oft be-fore: Let Him in!
If you wait He will de-part: Let Him in!
Now, oh, now make Him your choice: Let Him in!
He will make for you a feast: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

Let Him in, ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in: He is your Friend; He your soul will sure de-fend;
He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,

Jesus Christ, the Father's Son: Let Him in!
He will keep you to the end: Let Him in!
And His name you will adore: Let Him in!
He will take you home to heav'n: Let Him in!

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

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No. 40.

# When Will You Come?

"Return unto the Lord and He will have mercy." Isa. 55: 7.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When will you come to the Saviour? When will the bright morning dawn?
2. Will it be eas - i - er, think you, Af-ter life's morning is past?
3. When will you come to the Saviour? Why not, oh, why not come now?
4. Now is the day of Sal-va-tion, Now the Lord's voice you may hear,

When, with the chords of His kindness, You will more surely be drawn.
Will it be wis - er to tar - ry, Saved as by fi - re at last?
E're with the sin of a life - time, Un-der the bur-den you bow.
Heed the di-vine in - vi - ta - tion, While He is calling, come near.

CHORUS. *Ad lib.*

When will you come? when will you come? He is the Life and He is the

*Rall.*

Way, Waiting is vain, What will you gain? Will you not come to-day.

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No. 41.

# O How He Loves Me.

John 3: 16.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have a Friend, a precious Friend, O how He loves me;
2. Why He should come, I can-not tell, O how He loves me;
3. He died to save my soul from death, O how He loves me;
4. He walks with me a-long life's road, O how He loves me;
5. He has a home prepared for me, O how He loves me;

He says His love will nev-er end, O how He loves me.
In my poor brok-en heart to dwell, O how He loves me.
I'll praise him while He gives me breath, O how He loves me.
He car-ries ev-'ry heav-y load, O how He loves me.
With Him I'll spend e-ter-ni-ty, O how He loves me.

CHORUS.

O how He loves me, O how He loves me;

I know not why, I on-ly cry, O how He loves me.

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44

# No. 42. The Shepherd is Calling His Sheep.

"I am the good Shepherd." Jno. 10: 11.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hark! the Good Shepherd is call - ing His sheep, Call - ing the lambs to the fold; Come from the moun-tain, so wild and so steep, Come from the dark and the cold.
2. Je - sus has giv - en His life for the sheep—Won-der - ful won-der-ful love. All who will trust Him, His mer - cy shall keep; They shall be with Him a - bove.
3. Those who are His will o - bey His dear voice; See where He go - eth be - fore. Come, lit - tle lambs, in His goodness re-joice, Fol - low and trust, ev - er - more.
4. What can you do for the stray - ing and lost, Those "oth - er sheep" of the fold? Tell them the Shep-herd at won-der - ful cost, Of - fers a bless-ing un - told.

CHORUS.

Call - ing, Call - ing
Je - sus is call - ing, ten-der ly call - ing

Je - sus is call-ing, Hark, the Good Shepherd calls you to His fold. List - - en! List - - en! Come
Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing, List - en, oh, list - en, List - en, oh, list - en List - en, and

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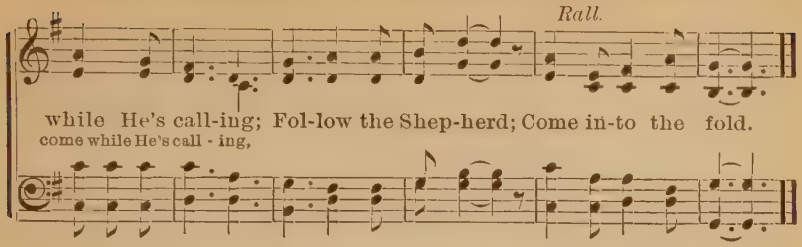
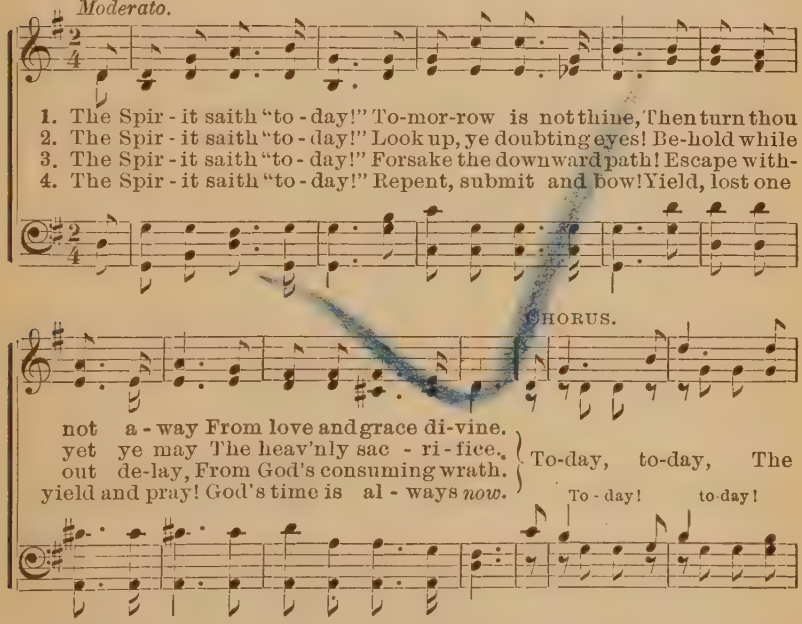
# The Shepherd is Calling.—Concluded.




## No. 43. The Spirit Saith "To-day!"

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." Prov. 27: 1.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

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46

# No. 44. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Deut. 33: 27. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the Ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the Ev - er -

last-ing Arms! What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

Chorus.

Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms. Lean - - ing,
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms.
Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last-ing Arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

By per. A. J. Showalter.

**No. 45.**

# Peace for Thee.

"The Lord will bless His people with peace." Ps. 29: 2.

W. J. KENNEDY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When you come to Christ, believing, All your sins He will for-give;
2. Hark - en to His sweet voice pleading, He is call - ing you to-day;
3. With re - pent-ance and con-tri-tion, All your guilt before Him lay;
4. Bring Him all your guilt and sor-row, And rejoice in pard'ning love;
5. You will praise the grace that sought you, While you wandered far away;

Then His peace and joy re - ceiv-ing. For His glo - ry you will live.
Peace and par - don you are needing, Come, receive them while you may.
You will sure - ly gain re - mis-sion, Ev - 'ry stain be wiped a - way.
On some joy - ous bright to-mor-row, You will gain the joys a - bove.
You will praise the blood that bought you, Thro' a glad e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Peace for thee, for thee, my broth-er, If you trust the precious blood,

There's sal-va - tion in no oth - er, But in Christ, the Son of God.

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48

No. 46.

# Nothing to Pay.

"Christ is made to us sanctification and redemption." I Cor. 1: 30.

F. R. HAVERGAL. D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

1. Noth-ing to pay! Ah! noth - ing to pay! Nev - er a word
2. Noth-ing to pay! The debt is so great; What will you do
3. Noth-ing to pay! Yes, noth - ing to pay! Je - sus has cleared

of ex-cuse to say, Year af - ter year thou hast filled the score,
with the aw - ful weight? How shall the way of es-cape be made?
all the debt a - way, Blot - ted it out with His bleed-ing hand!

*Ad lib.* – – – – – – – –

Ow-ing the Lord still more and more.
Noth-ing to pay, yet all must be paid.
Free and forgiv'n and loved you stand.

CHORUS. *Allegretto*

Hear the voice of Je - sus say, Ver - i - ly thou hast noth-ing to pay!
sweet - ly say,

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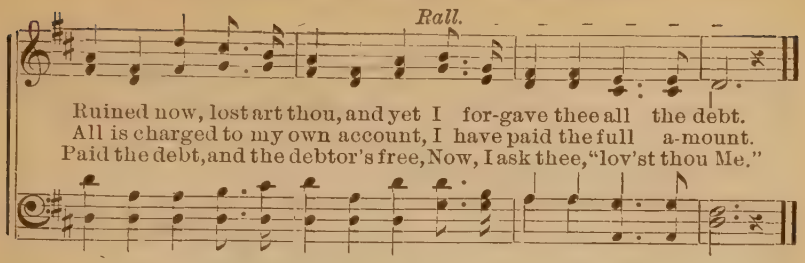
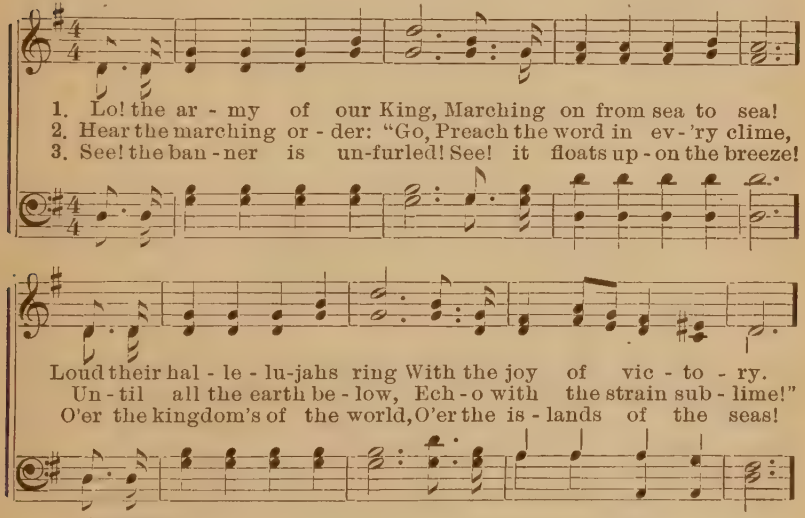
# Nothing to Pay.—Concluded.



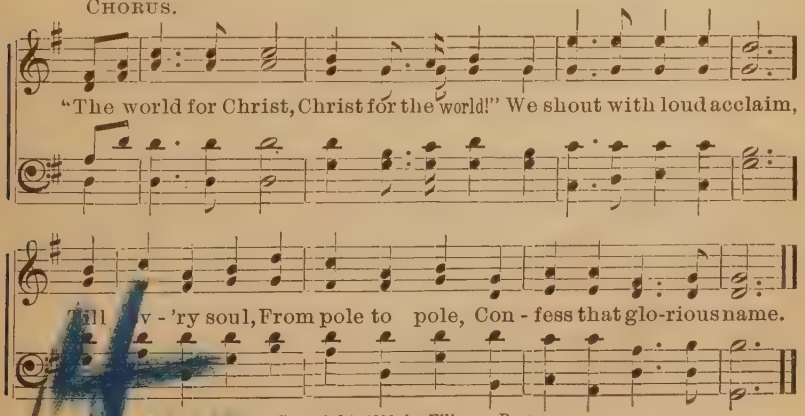

## No. 47. The World for Christ.

Matt. 28: 18. Mark 16: 15.

A. P. Cobb. J. H. Fillmore.




Chorus.

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50

No. 48.

# Loyalty to Christ.

John 3: 20.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. Flora H. Cassel.

1. Up - on the western plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty,
2. O hear ye brave the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy - al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy-al-ty,

loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take
loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the
loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float, We'll send the
loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll pro-claim, Thro' out the

D. S.—*move at His command, We'll soon pos-*

Fine. Chorus.

up the song, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
watch-word true, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
bu - gle note, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
world's domain, Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loyalty to Christ.
} "On to victory!

*sess the land, Thro' loyalty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.*

D. S.

On to vic - to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" ..... We'll
great Commander; "On!"

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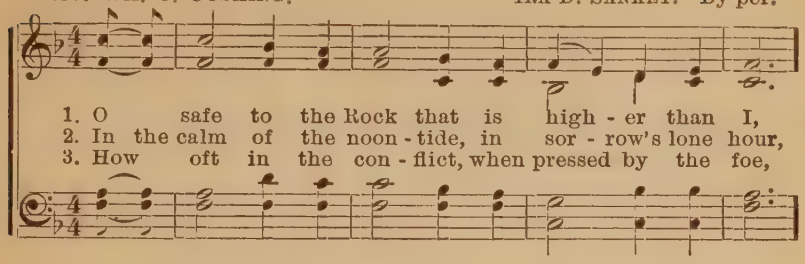
**No. 49.**

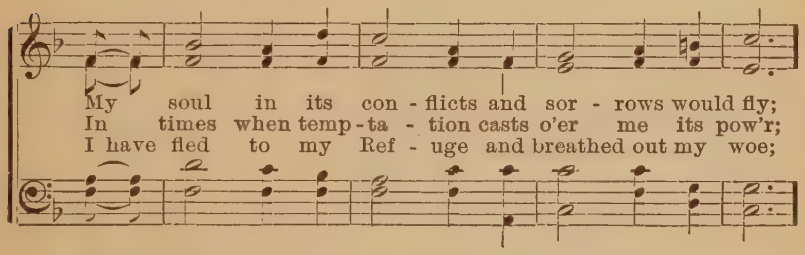
# Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock for a house of defense." Ps. 31: 2.

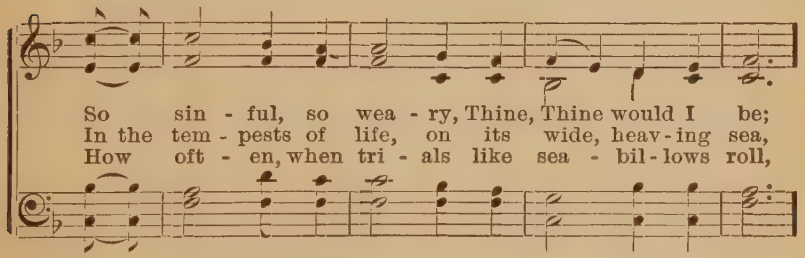
Rev. Wm. C. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey. By per.



1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I,
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour,
3. How oft in the con - flict, when pressed by the foe,

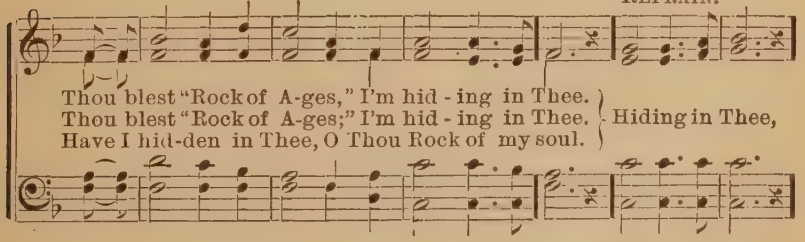


My soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly;
In times when temp - ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r;
I have fled to my Ref - uge and breathed out my woe;

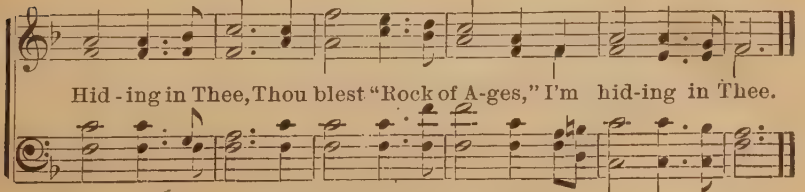


So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be;
In the tem - pests of life, on its wide, heav - ing sea,
How oft - en, when tri - als like sea - bil - lows roll,

Refrain.



Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
Thou blest "Rock of A-ges;" I'm hid - ing in Thee.
Have I hid-den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.
} Hiding in Thee,



Hid - ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.

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5

No. 50.

# The Path of the Just.

PROV. 4: 18.

R. F. GORDON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. We, who follow Christ the Lord, Go on-ward, upward, ev - er;
2. From the gloom of sin we came, Our faithful Shepherd guiding;
3. So we jour-ney safe-ly on, Our faith in Christ con-fess-ing;
4. Come with us and on-ward go, For time its flight is wing-ing;

A hap-py throng, and with a song Of joy that fail-eth nev - er.
His love we know, and joy-ful show In Him we are a - bid-ing.
With hearts of cheer, that have no fear In ful - ness of God's blessing.
Make Christ your king, and gladly sing The song that we are sing-ing.

CHORUS.

The path of the just is as a shin-ing light, That shineth, that

shin-eth, that shineth more and more; The path of the just is as a

shin-ing light, That shineth more and more un-to the per-fect day.

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# No. 51. Speed the Light.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. Mark 16: 15. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There's a land..... beyond the sea Where the fields..... are
2. Hear our cry,..... for soon for us Day will sink..... in
3. Still they cry!..... give heed, oh, soul, Je - sus died..... that
4. Know, my soul,..... 'tis not e-nough That you sing..... and

1. There's a land be-yond the sea, Where the fields are

white and fair; Hear the cry,..... oh, souls redeemed—From the
end - less night; Give us help..... ere 'tis too late,—Speed the
they might live; Dare ye turn..... a deaf-ened ear? Dare re-
soft - ly pray; Speed the light,.... oh, speed the light!—Je - sus

white and fair. Hear the cry, O souls re-deemed,—

CHORUS.

lost . . . ones o-ver there.
light.... oh, speed the light.
fuse.... the light to give?
calls,... do not de-lay.
} Speed the light, or else we die,

Speed the light, or else we die,

From the lost ones o - ver there.

Souls redeemed, oh, speed the light. Heed, oh, heed our anguished

Souls redeemed, oh, speed the light. Heed, oh, heed

cry,— Speed the light,.... oh, speed the light.

our anguished cry,— Speed the light, oh, speed the light.

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No. 52.

# Abiding and Confiding.

I John 3: 6.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a - bid-ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all a-way;
4. For my words I take His wisdom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of confiding in His Word;
I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long-er I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways His gracious presence Guards and guides me ev'ry hour.

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in His blood,
All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His spir-it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Jesus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the por-tion, Of my joy the ceaseless Spring;

I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink-ing in - to God.
And His precious blood each moment Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc - ti - fy - er, Keep-er, Glorious Lord and coming King.

Chorus.

I'm a - bid - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a - bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid-ing in the Lord.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

# Abiding and Confiding.—Concluded.

fid - - ing in His word, And I'm hid -
fid - ing in His Word, And con - fid - ing in His Word, And I'm hid-ing, safe-ly

ing, safe-ly hid - ing, In the bosom of His love.
hid - ing, I am hid-ing, safe-ly hid - ing

No. 53.

# Asleep in Jesus.

W. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je-sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest:

A calm and undisturbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con-fi - dence to sing That death has lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

# No. 54. Turning Water Into Wine.

John 2: 1–11.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A wedding feast at Ga - li - lee, And Je - sus as a guest!
2. Six water pots were standing there, And at com-mand of Him,
3. He called the bridegroom to His side, And said: "Behold thou hast
4. As well to - day as yes - ter-day, As well in great or small,
5. O - be - di-ence He on - ly sought, Of sav-ing faith the sum,

Our earth - ly loves and so - cial joys By Lord of glo - ry blest!
The serv-ants filled them ev - 'ry one With wa- ter to the brim.
Dispensed the poor - est at the first And kept the best till last!"
As well in things of earth or heav'n, He o - ver-rul - eth all.
E'er He should show His glo - ry forth, Or e'er His hour should come.

And greater con-de-scen-sion still, That Maj - est - y Di-vine
And lo! as they be -gan to draw, Of vint - age su - per-fine
He did not know, thro' vis-ion dim, That the E - ter - nal Vine,
And bet-ter do His mer - cies grow, As pow'r and love combine
Then "Whatsoe'er He saith to thee" To Him thy will re-sign

Should not re-buke the home-ly plea When told they had no wine!
The rul - er of the feast de-clared That he had tast - ed wine!
Is ev - er pres-ent to sup - ply The need of heav'n-ly wine!
To work for us what Ca - na saw Wheh Je - sus gave them wine!
And weakness shall be turned to strength, Like water in - to wine.

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# Turning Water Into Wine.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Turn - ing wa - ter in - to wine, Mak - ing
Turn-ing wa - ter in - to wine, Turning wa - ter in - to wine, Making saddened

sad-dened fac - es shine Cheer - ing hearts when they re-
faces shine, Making saddened faces shine, Cheering hearts when they repine, Cheering hearts when

pine, Thus is Je - sus ev-er turning wa-ter in - to wine.
they re-pine,

## No. 55. Come to Jesus.

ENGLISH.

1. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, just now, Just now come to

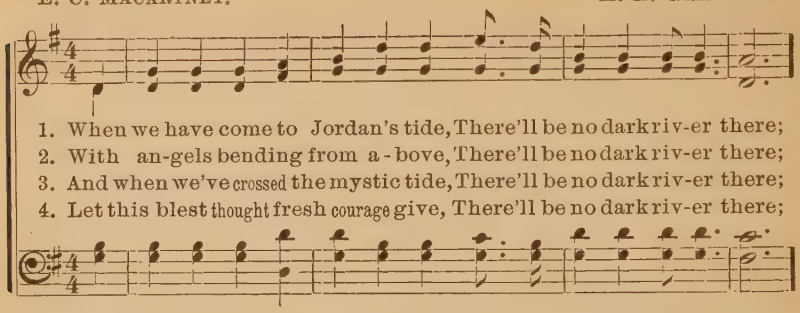
Jesus, come to Jesus just now.

2. He will save you.
3. Oh! believe Him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing,
6. He'll receive you.
7. Call upon Him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto Him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.
12. He will cleanse you.
13. He will clothe you.
14. Jesus loves you.
15. Don't reject Him.
16. Only trust Him.
17. Hallelujah, Amen.

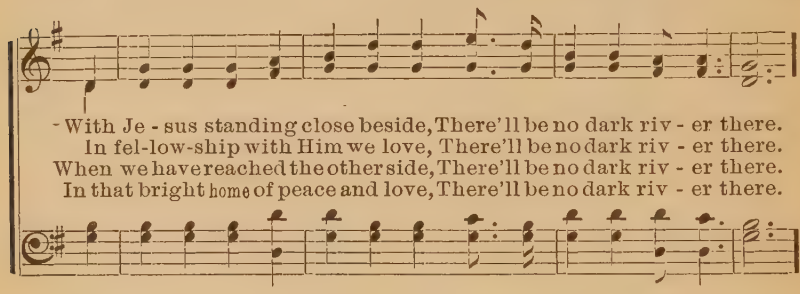
# No. 56. There'll be no Dark River There.

Isaiah, 43: 2.

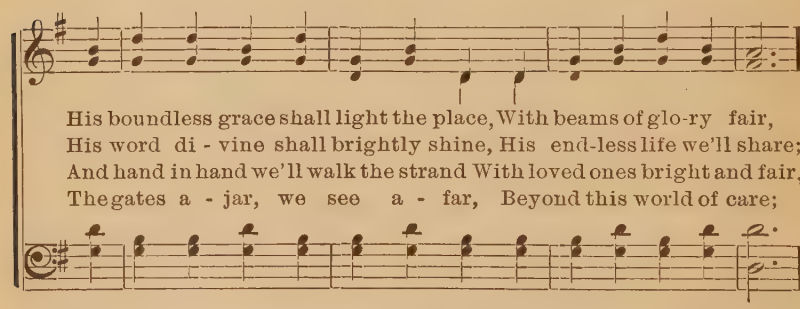
E. C. MACARTNEY. H. L. GILMOUR.



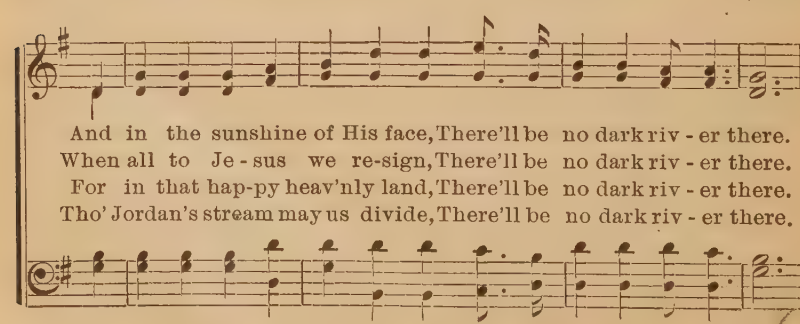
1. When we have come to Jordan's tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
2. With an-gels bending from a-bove, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
3. And when we've crossed the mystic tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
4. Let this blest thought fresh courage give, There'll be no dark riv-er there;



With Je-sus standing close beside, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In fel-low-ship with Him we love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When we have reached the other side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
In that bright home of peace and love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.



His boundless grace shall light the place, With beams of glo-ry fair,
His word di-vine shall brightly shine, His end-less life we'll share;
And hand in hand we'll walk the strand With loved ones bright and fair,
The gates a-jar, we see a-far, Beyond this world of care;



And in the sunshine of His face, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
When all to Je-sus we re-sign, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
For in that hap-py heav'nly land, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
Tho' Jordan's stream may us divide, There'll be no dark riv-er there.

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# There'll be no Dark River There.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There'll be no dark riv - er there, There'll be no dark riv - er there;

Upon His breast we'll sweetly rest, There'll be no dark riv - er there.

## No. 57. I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. WM. McDONALD. WM. G. FISHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
4. In Thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per-fect - ed in Him I am;

CHO.—*I am trust-ing, Lord in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

*Repeat for Chorus.*

I am counting all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for ev - er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo-ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

*Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.*

60

**No. 58.**

# Let Him Come.

John 7: 37.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him
2. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him
3. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him
4. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, Let him

come!.... Let him come! ..... Who - ev - er shall hear
come! ... Let him come! ..... Wher - ev - er he dwell,
come!.... Let him come! ..... What - ev - er the need
come! ... Let him come!..... "When-ev - er he may,"

Let him come! Let him come!

let him come with - out fear, Let him come!..... Let him
in a pal - ace or cell, Let him come!..... Let him
may it hast - en his speed, Let him come!..... Let him
is a call for to - day, Let him come!..... Let him

Let him come,

come! .... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,
come!..... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,
come!..... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,
come!..... Let him take of the wa - ter that I have to give,

Let him come!

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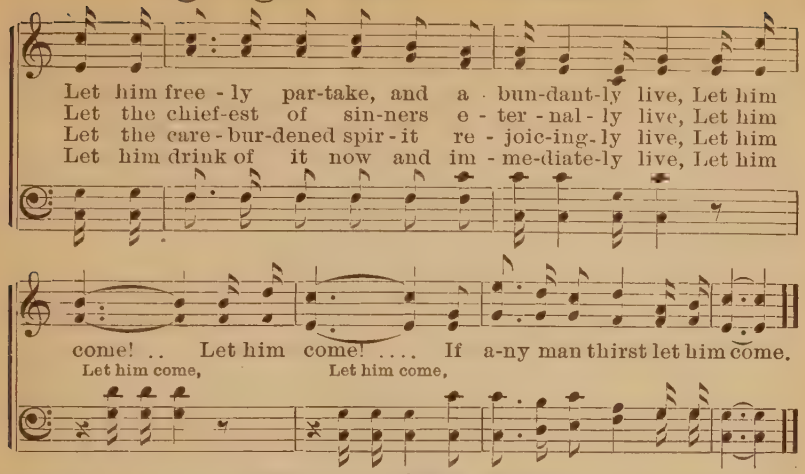
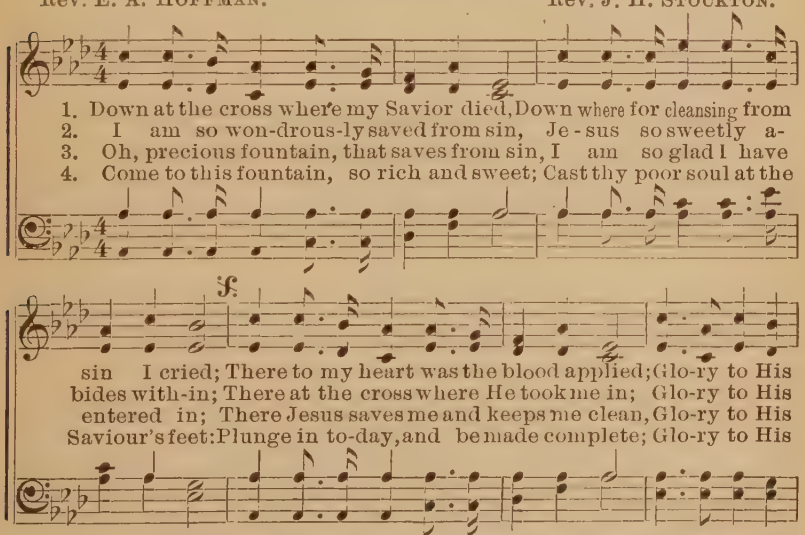
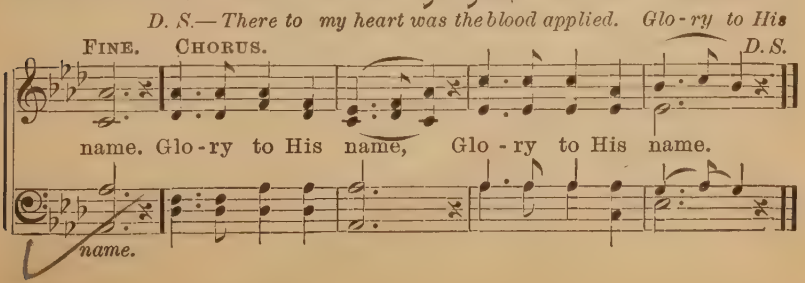
# Let Him Come.—Concluded.




## No. 59. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



62

No. 60.

# Soldiers in the Army.

Eph. 6: 11.

P. H. J. H. FILLMORE.

*Marcia.*

1. We are sol-diers in the ar - my, We are under marching orders,
2. Tho' the way be rough and thorny, Tho' the foe be strong and wily,
3. Joy to us is pain and hunger, Sweet to us is sound of bat-tle,

We are now to move a-gainst a might-y foe; We have buckled on the
Forward sounds the call, and bold we march along, And tho' legions camp a-
For we see a crown and kingdom to be won, To our Leader we'll be

armor, We have raised a - loft our banners, And we sing for joy as
round us, All their might cannot confound us, For Je-ho - vah is our
loy-al, And with Him we'll share the triumph, When at last the glorious

CHORUS.

on we go. } The Lord of hosts is our defense,
shield and song. }
war is done. } The Lord of hosts.....is our defense,..... He is our

our ref-uge and our strength, The Lord of hosts,
ref - uge and strength, and strength, The Lord of hosts .....

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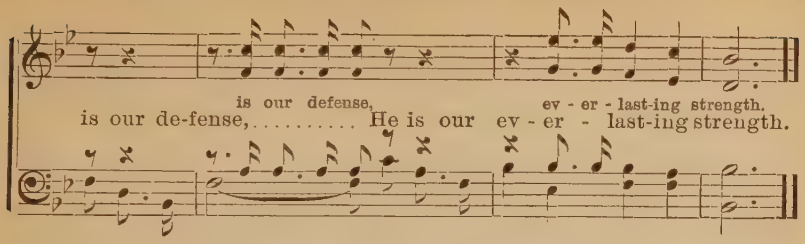
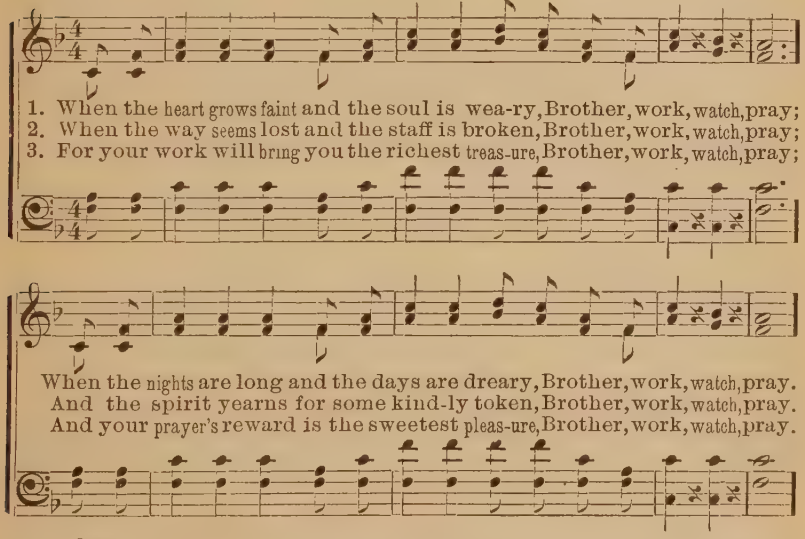
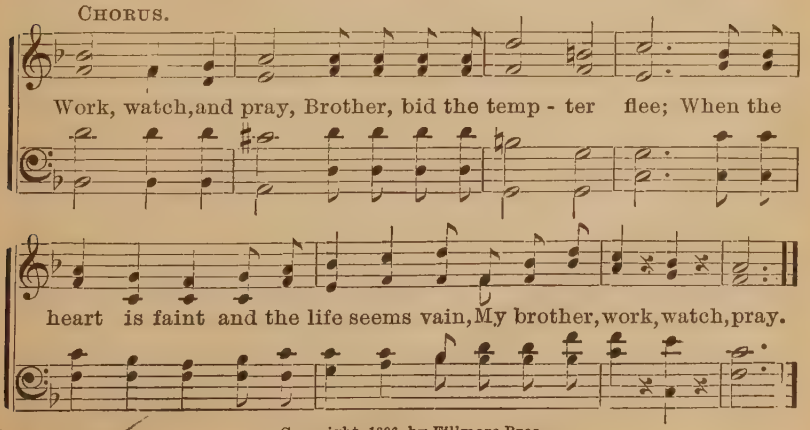



## No. 61. Work, Watch, Pray.

Mrs. N. A. Montfort. Fred. A. Fillmore.

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# No. 62. The Day Breaketh.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." Isa. 40:31.

FLORA KIRKLAND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. First a gleam, and then a glow - ing, Then the sun its light forth-
2. First a hush, and then for - ev - er, Trust-ing God, and doubting
3. Fear thou not! the Lord is near thee, Shed-ding o'er thy path to

show-ing; Lo! 'tis day! Thus the night gives way to morning; Thus the
nev - er, Lo! 'tis peace! Thus the night of trib - u - la-tion, Ends in
cheer thee, Light from heav'n, Blessed hope the vale pervading, Rod and

world puts on adorning, Thus the dark, all shadows scorning, Ends in day.
dawn of ad - o-ra-tion, Thus the God of our sal-va-tion, Sends us peace.
staff the journey aiding, Then the dawn of morn unfading. Lo! 'tis heav'n!

CHORUS.

Till the day breaks o'er the mountain, And the shadows flee a - way;

Let us calm - ly trust in Je - sus, Let us wait, and watch and pray.

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# No. 63. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Rev. 3: 20. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je-sus come
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je-sus come
3. If there's a tempest your voice can-not still, Let Je-sus come
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven un - true, Let Je-sus come
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je-sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be-gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains of cleansing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev-er can fill,
in - to your heart; Find what a Friend He will be un - to you,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,

Chorus.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
Just now, my

doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject Him no more; Just now, throw
doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject -ing no more; Just now, I

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
o - pen the door; And Je - sus come in - to my heart.

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21 A.107

66

No. 64.

# Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. John 6: 47. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of
rap - ture burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a-
Sav-iour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a-

Chorus.

God, Born of His spir - it, washed in His blood. This is my sto - ry,
bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love. This is my sto - ry,

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

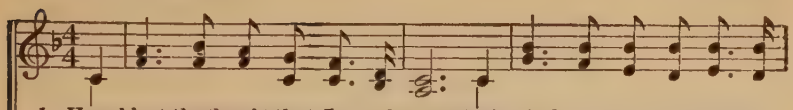
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.

No. 65.

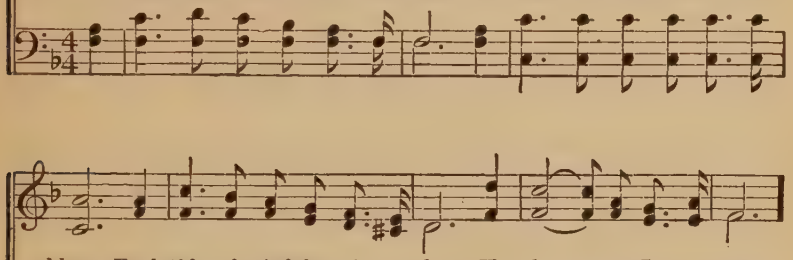
# My Jesus Knows.

Psalm 103: 14.

Rev. G. W. Crofts. D. B. Towner.

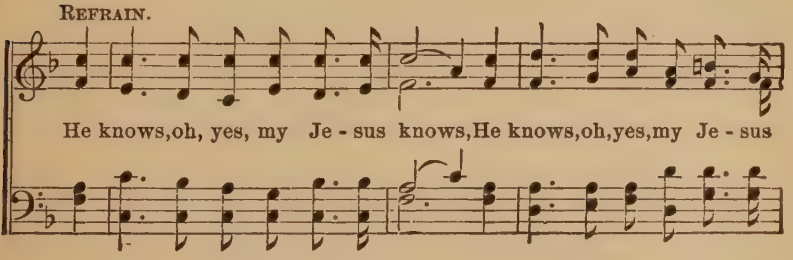


1. How blest the thought that Je-sus knows Each wind that round me rudely
2. The bit - ter cups that I must drain, The thoughts that rack my wea-ry
3. The cross that I must dai - ly bear, The deep anx - i - e - ty and
4. The long -ings that per-vade my breast, To reach my home and be at

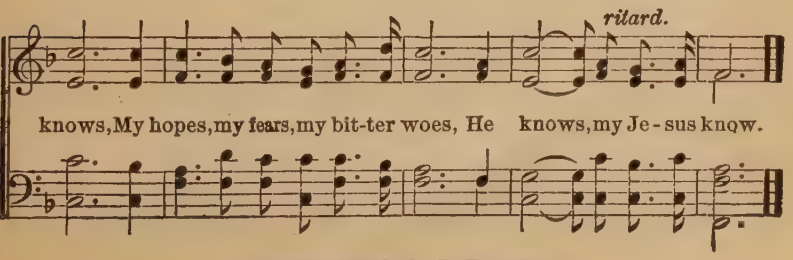


blows, Each tide of grief that o'er me flows, He knows, my Je- sus knows.
brain, The efforts that seem all in vain, He knows, my Je- sus knows.
care, The crown of thorns I *too* must wear, He knows, my Je- sus knows.
rest With Him I love, a welcome guest, He knows, my Je- sus knows.

Refrain.



He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus knows, He knows, oh, yes, my Je - sus




knows, My hopes, my fears, my bit-ter woes, He knows, my Je - sus know.

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68

# No. 66. Take a Step Forward To-day.

Isaiah, 43:2.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. My broth - er, look up - ward and on - ward, The hosts of our
2. In spite of life's wor - ries and stress - es, In spite of the
3. Look up to the sum - mit a - bove you, Look on to the

God in ar - ray With shout and with song are ad - vanc-ing, Then
thorns of the way, Lift brave-ly the bur - den that press-es, And
end of the way, Look up to the an - gels who love you, And

CHORUS.

take a step for-ward to - day. Oh take a step for - ward,
For-ward, oh, take a step

for - ward, Take a step for-ward to - day, . . . . . Oh,
for-ward, oh, take a step for - ward, Take a step for-ward to

*Rit.*

broth-er, look up-ward and on-ward, And take a step forward to - day.
day,

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# No. 67. I Will Boldly Tell to All Around.

Mark 5: 19.

Mrs. Ella Lauder. D. B. Towner.

1. Once my eyes were blinded by the world; And my ears were deaf to
2. Ev - 'ry day His mer-cy more ap-pears Ev - 'ry day I love and
3. All my life is brightened by His love, All my sins for- giv - en
4. I would speak the joys which He has bro't, I would sing the blesssngs

Je - sus' call; But at last His ten - der voice I heard, And to
trust Him more; Tell Him all my earth - ly hopes and fears, Ask His
by His grace; Since His Spir-it like a heav'n-ly dove; Found with-
He has giv'n; I would pray that all who Christ have sought, May re-

Chorus.

Him I free - ly yield- ed all.
help and guidance o'er and o'er.
in my heart a dwelling place.
ceive a crown of life in heav'n.
} I will bold-ly tell to all a-

round, What a precious Sav-iour I have found, When I came unto Him,

He my heart did en - ter in, And for-gave me of all my sin.

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110

No. 68.

# What Time I'm Afraid.

Ps. 57: 1.

N. B. SARGENT. N. B. SARGENT. Arr.

1. Tho' earthly friends be far a - way, And dark my path ap - pear,
2. I can rejoice tho' storms assail, As when the sky is fair,
3. Gird up Thy loins, O trembling soul, Go forth to meet the throng,

'Tis sweet to feel I'm not a - lone, For God is al-ways near. I'll
I know His arm can nev-er fail; And I am in His care. I'll
There is no task for thee too hard; No foe for thee too strong. But

trust His love; I'll doubt no more; For storm and night will soon be o'er.
trust His love; I'll doubt no more, For storm and night will soon be o'er.
trust His love; And doubt no more; For storm and night will soon be o'er.

CHORUS.

What time I'm a - fraid I will trust in Thee; No oth - er arm such

help can bring, By night or day, on land or. sea, I will hide 'neath the

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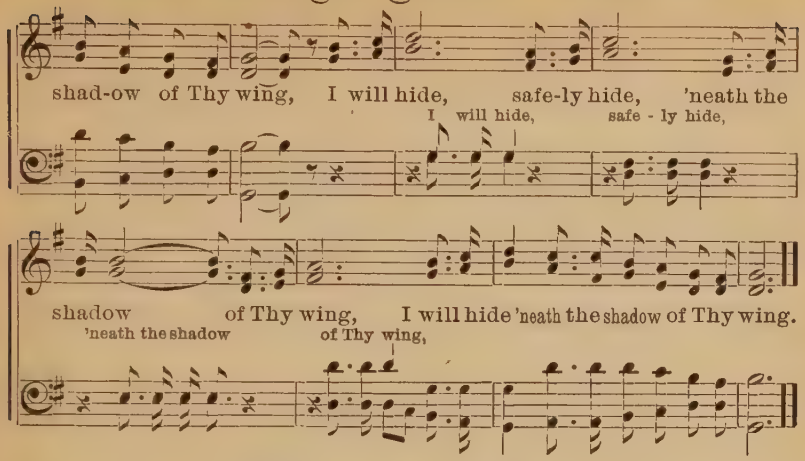
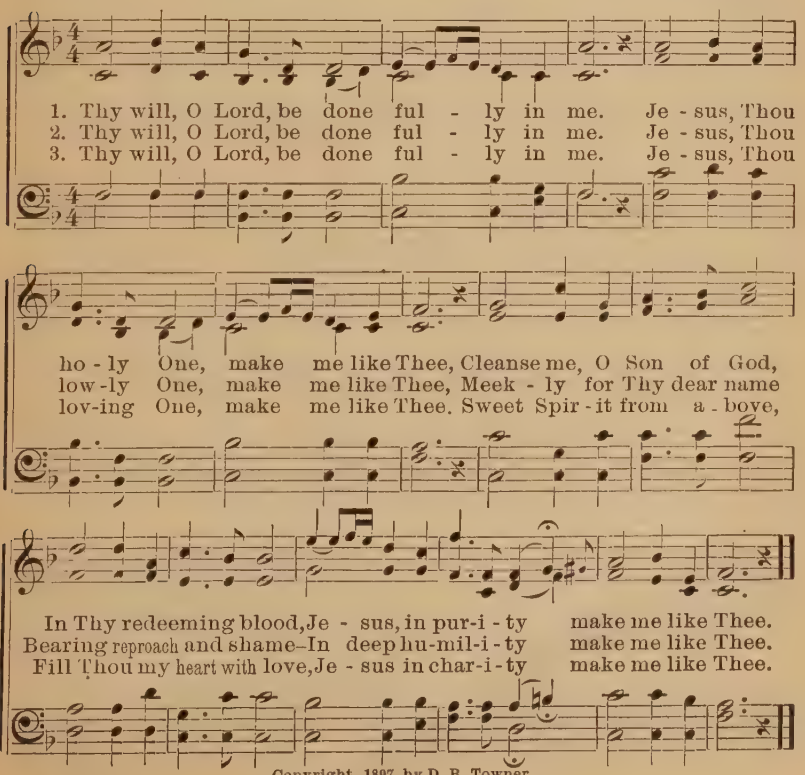



## No. 69. Make me like Thee.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

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72

# No. 70. Under His Shadow.

"They that dwell under his shadow shall return: they shall revive as corn." Hos. 14: 7.

F. E. O. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Why care for the bur-dens or sor-rows Or tri-als you
2. Tho' all of life's joys may for-sake me, These beg-gar-ly
3. If you will dwell un-der His shad-ow You'll nev-er stay
4. Dwell un-der His shad-ow, my broth-er, For here He your

see night or morn, If you will dwell under His shad-ow He'll
pleasures I scorn, I'm con-stant-ly un-der His shad-ow And
sad or for-lorn—"O come un-to Me all ye burdened And
life will a-dorn, And He'll make your face shine with gladness For

CHORUS.

make you re-vive as the corn.
here He re-vives me as corn.
I will re-vive you as corn."
He will re-vive you as corn.

In ..... His shad - ow
In His shadow, yes, in His shadow,

Here ..... night and morn, ..... Lord ..... with Thy
Here night and morn, Here night and morn, Lord with Thy Spir - it,

Spir - it, Re - vive ..... us as corn, In ..... His
Lo d, with Thy Spir-it Re - vive us, re - vive us as corn. In His shad-ow, yes

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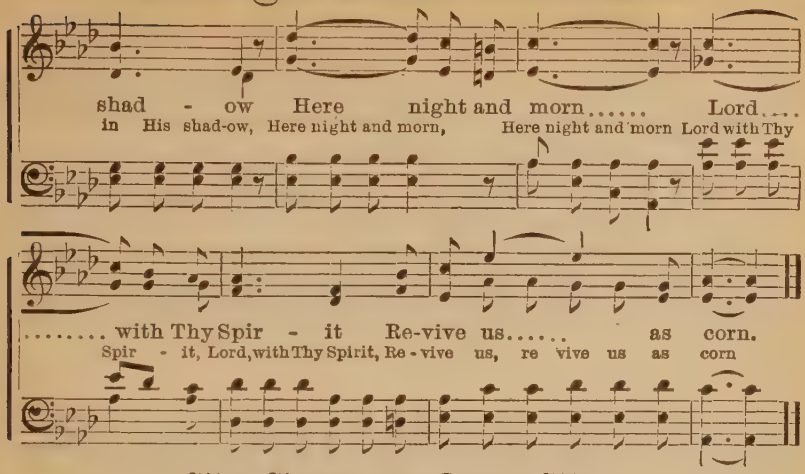
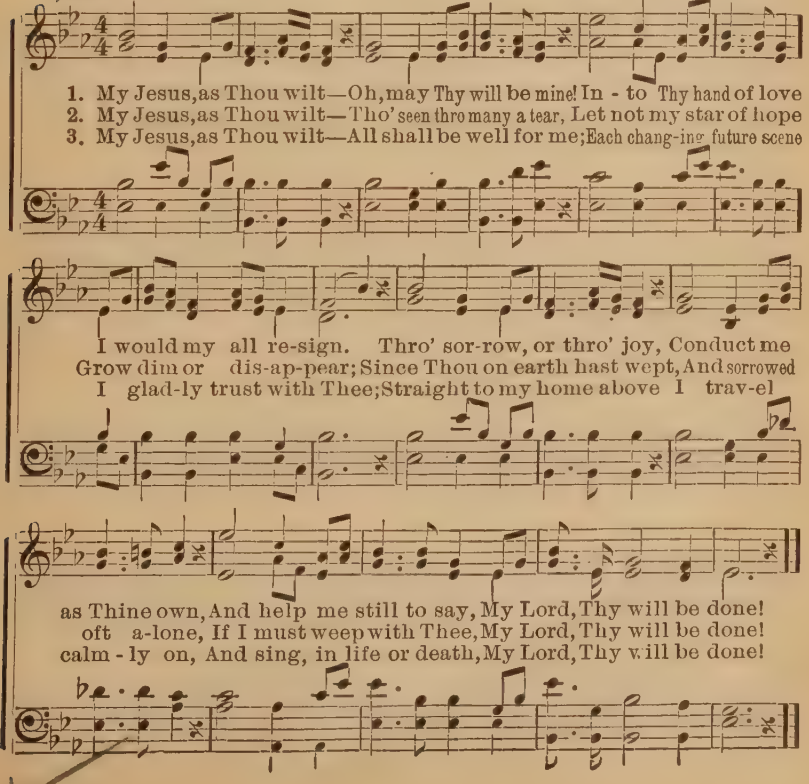



## No. 71. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

JANE BORTHWICK. Tr. C. M. von WEBER.



No. 72.

# Trust and Obey.

I Samuel 15: 22.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's no oth-er way To be happy in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go, Never fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.

Chorus.

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No. 73.

# Lead Me, Saviour.

Psalm 61: 3.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Saviour, lead me lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
2. Saviour, lead me then at last, When the storm of life is past,

1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re-ly.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.

I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray:
lest I stray:

Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

No. 74.

# He Saves Me.

Eph. 2: 8.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden. By per.

1. The dear loving Saviour has found me, And shatter'd the fet-ters that bound me, Tho' all was con - fu-sion a - round me, He came and spoke peace to my soul; The bless-ed Re-deem-er that bought me, In ten-der-ness con-stant-ly sought me, The way of sal - va-tion He taught me, And made my heart per-fect-ly whole.

2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly win-ning me to Him, I yield-ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be filled with His grace; Al-though a vile sin-ner be - fore Him, Thro' faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re-joice and a-dore Him, Re-stored to His lov - ing em - brace.

3. I nev - er, no, never will leave Him, Grow weary of serv - ice and grieve Him, I'll con-stant-ly trust and be-lieve Him, Re-main in His pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er - flow - ing, In knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im-plic - it - ly know-ing That Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.

Chorus.

He saves me, He

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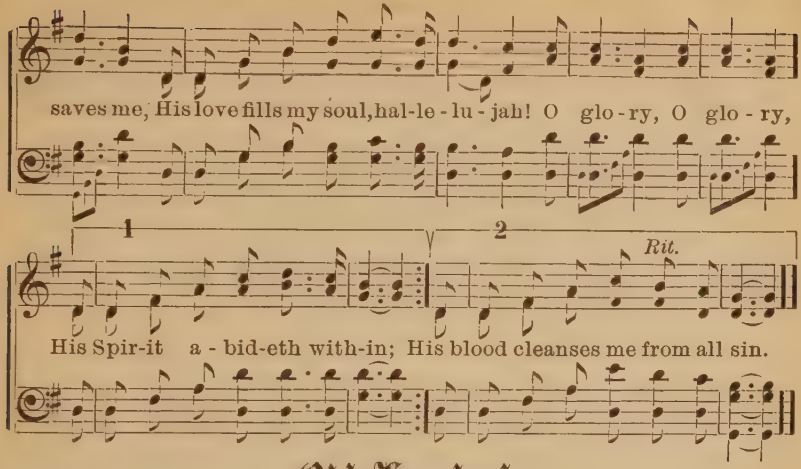
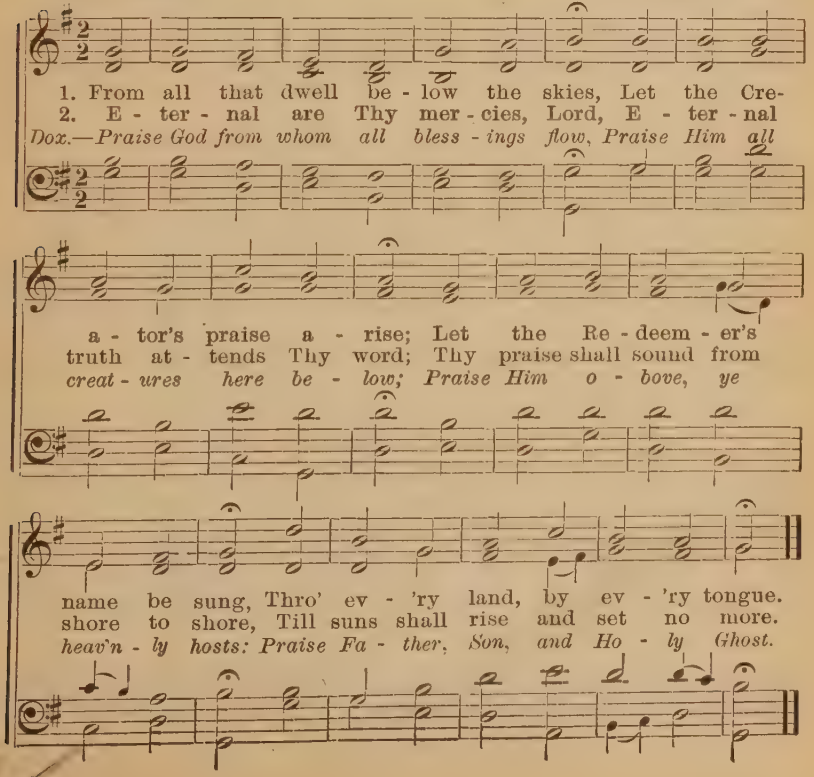



## No. 75. Old Hundred.

DOXOLOGY.

ISAAC WATTS. G. FRANC. 1545.



No. 76.

# He is Able to Deliver.

SUITABLE FOR SOLO.

MARY SPARKES WHEELER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the proph - et Dan - iel prayed to God on bend - ed knee,
2. Where-fore is the king so sad, and wherefore does he fast?
3. "O king live for - ev - er!" and from anx-ious care be free.
4. From the roar - ing li - on, seek - ing whom he may de - vour,
5. He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to keep in peace,

With his win - dows o - pen wide, de-spite the king's de - cree;
As he thinks of Dan - iel, who, with - in the den is cast;
For my God has sent his an - gel to de - liv - er me;
God is a - ble to de - liv - er by His might - y pow'r;
Till life's pil - grim-age is end - ed and my con-flicts cease;

And they cast him in the li - ons' den, his life to close,
"O, thou serv - ant of the liv - ing God, tell me, I pray,
He has shut the li - ons' mouths, my soul in tri-umph sings,
And the soul who comes to Je - sus with his sins oppressed,
And when Death, the lat - est en - e - my, shall end the strife,

God was a - ble to de - liv - er him from all his foes.
From the li - ons' cru - el pow - er can He save to - day?"
Oh, what joy to trust for shel - ter un - der-neath His wings!
He is a - ble to de - liv - er and to give him rest.
He is a - ble to de - liv - er and to crown with life.

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# He is Able to Deliver.—Concluded.

CHORUS. Psalm 34: 7.

For God's an - - gel is en - camp - ing
For God's an - gel is en - camp - ing, is en - camp-ing

Round a - bout..... all them that fear Him, He is
Round a - bout them, round a - bout all them that fear Him,

a - ble to de - liv - er All who put their trust in Him
He is a - ble, He is a - ble to de - liv - er

## No. 77. I Do Believe.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe?

*Cho.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je - sus died for me;*

*Repeat for Chorus.*

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de-gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

*And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.*

No. 78.

# There'll be Joy.

Luke 15: 7.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Look, sin-ner, to Je - sus, the ris - en One, Who bled on the tree for thee; He's gra-cious-ly say - ing, "O troub-led one,
2. He points to the prints of the cru - el nails, He shows thee His bleed - ing side; His heart's full of pit - y, His love ne'er fails,
3. The Sav-iour is stand-ing at mer - cy's gate, He asks thee to en - ter in; He's pleading, en-treat-ing, 'tis grow-ing late,
4. Come now to the Sav - ior, ac-cept His love, And live for His glo - ry here; He'll take thee at last to His home a - bove;

Chorus.

Wilt thou not come un - to me?"
Wilt thou not come and a - bide?
Art thou not wea - ry of sin?
Come, then, oh, come without fear.
} There'll be joy in heav'n,

There'll be joy in heav'n, There'll be joy in heav'n.
There'll be joy in

And the an-gels will strike the gold-en lyre; And the ransomed will

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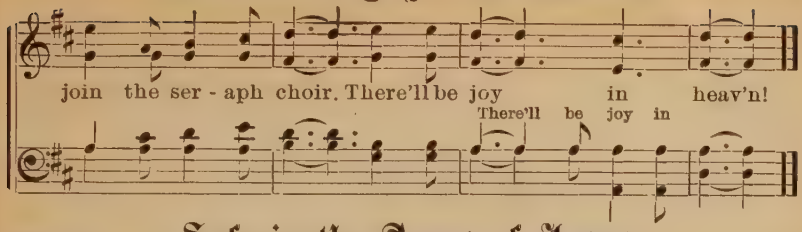
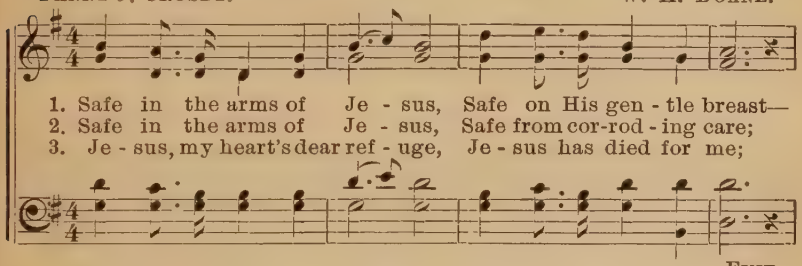
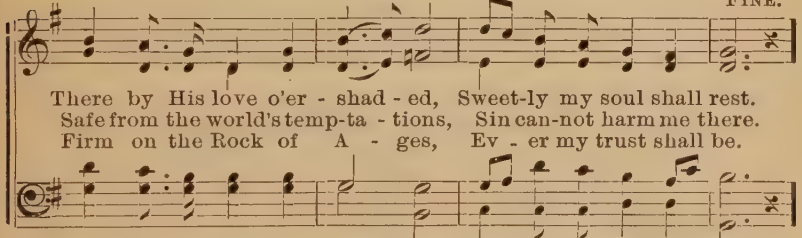
# There'll be Joy.—Concluded.

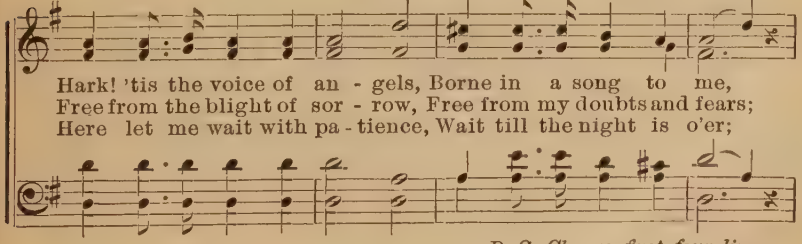



## No. 79. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

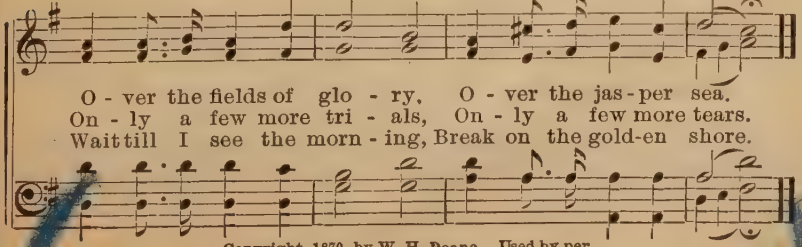
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.




*D. C. Chorus first four lines.*

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No. 80.

# Since Jesus Dwells in Me.

Eph. 3: 17.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Since I have o-pen'd wide the door And let the Sav-iour in,
2. Naught have I now to do or say; From Him my fruit is found,
3. Mine eyes are ev - er toward the Lord, No more on self I gaze,
4. A Ref-uge, Shield, De-liv - er - er, A might-y King is He!

He keeps His tem - ple pure and clean, Without a stain of sin.
All wis-dom, knowledge, grace and pow'r In Je-sus Christ a-bound.
He watch-es and He works in me— I trust and rest and praise.
I need not fear, I need not fall, Since Je - sus dwells in me.

CHORUS.

Since Je - sus dwells in me, Since Je - sus dwells in me,

My life is one glad, end-less song, Since Je-sus dwells in me.

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No. 81.

# My Pilot is Jesus.

"Looking unto Jesus." Heb. 12: 2.

F. E. O.

FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. I'm on life's o-cean, homeward bound, My Pi - lot is Je-sus,
2. The old ship Zi - on is my boat, My Pi - lot is Je-sus,
3. No hid - ing rock or treach'rous shoal, My Pi - lot is Je-sus,
4. He calms the rag-ing winds at will, My Pi - lot is Je-sus,

Where ma - ny mansions will be found, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.
In ev - 'ry storm she'll safe-ly float, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.
Can wreck me ere I reach my goal, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.
He speaks, and lash-ing waves are still, My Pi - lot is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

My Pi - lot is Je - sus, My Pi - lot is Je - sus, Oh

what care I tho' waves roll high; My Pi - lot is Je - sus.

Copyright, 1899, by French E. Oliver.

84

# No. 82. Listen to His Voice.

Genesis 6: 3.

Mrs. Ella Lauder. D. B. Towner.

1. Hark! a gen - tle whisp - er on - ly thou canst hear,
2. Je - sus stand - eth knock - ing at thy hearts closed door,
3. If you do not lis - ten, He will turn a - way,

Tell - ing thee, O sin - ner, that the Lord is near,
Bring - ing thee a bless - ing from His boun-teous store,
Heed the lov - ing mes - sage, wan - d'rer while you may,

Do not drown His plead-ings by the gay worlds din,
Wait - ing to be gra - cious to thy need - y soul,
Lest when you shall o - pen wide the fast barred door,

List - en as He bids thee turn a - way from sin.
By His grace to heal thee if thou wilt be whole.
Je - sus shall be wait - ing there for thee no more.

Chorus.

List - en, list - en, list - en to His voice, Call - ing, call - ing,

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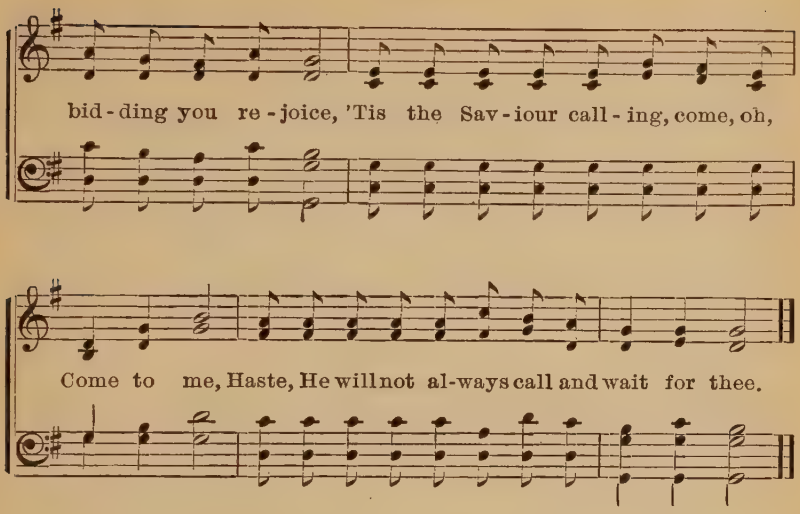
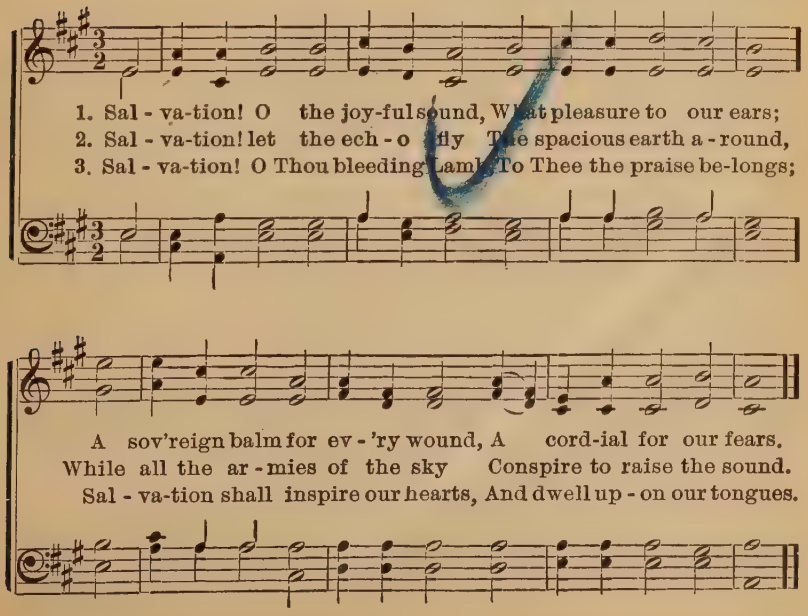
# Listen to His Voice.—Concluded.




## No. 83. Salvation! Oh the Joyful Sound.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



# No. 84. Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

Isaiah 1: 18.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane. By per.

Duet. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un-to God! to God!
3. He 'll forgive your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

Quartet.

Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . . compas-sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un-to Me, . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

Duet. *p* Quartet. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He 'll for-give your transgres-sions, He 'll forgive your transgressions.

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

87

No. 85.

# Anywhere With Jesus.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Luke 9: 57.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Anywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An-y-where He
2. Anywhere with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Oth-er friends may
3. Anywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling

leads me in this world be-low. An-ywhere without Him, dearest
fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver
shadows round a-bout me creep. Knowing I shall wak-en nev-er

joys would fade, An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
drear-est ways, An-ywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An-ywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home

CHORUS.

An-y-where! an-y-where! Fear I can-not know.

An-y-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

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No. 86.

# He Hideth My Soul.

Psalm 94: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

*Allegretto.*

1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord, A won-der-ful Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me strength as my day.
3. With num-ber - less bless-ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, O glo - ry to God, For such a Re - deem - er as mine.
4. When clothed in His brightness, trans-port - ed I rise To meet Him in clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll shout with the mil-lions on high.

CHORUS.

He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depth of His love, And

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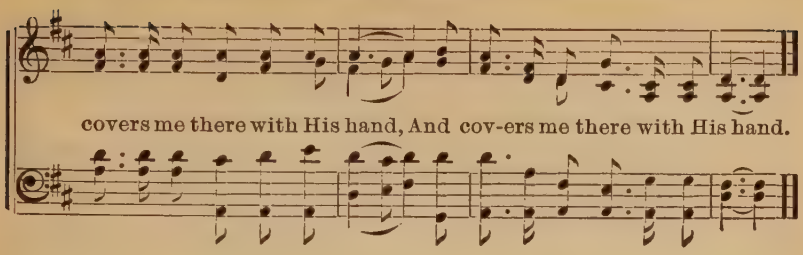
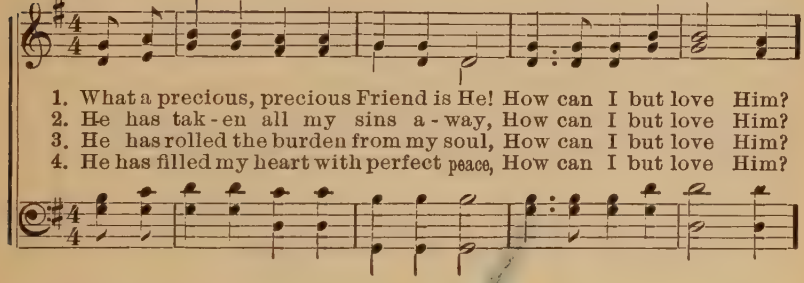
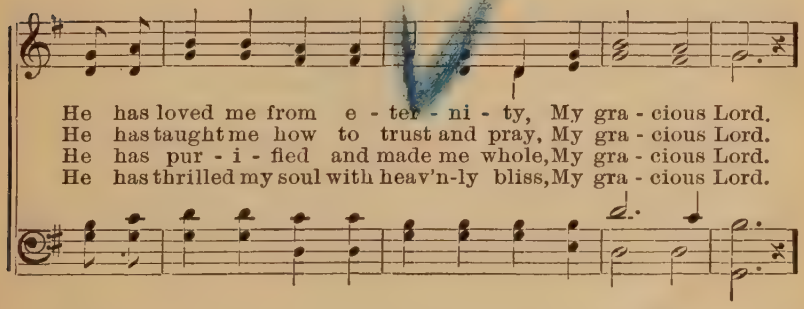
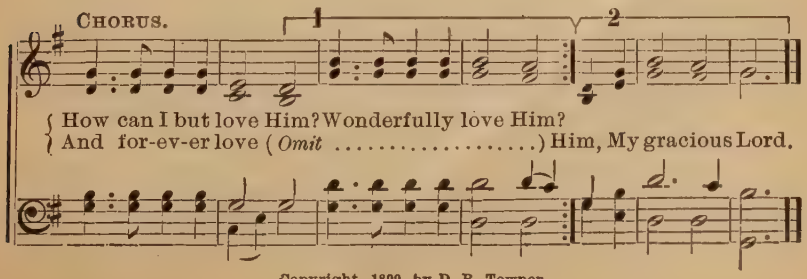



## No. 87. How can I but Love Him.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

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No. 88.

# A Little Talk With Jesus.

Luke 24: 32.

Words arranged. D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. A lit-tle talk with Jesus, How it smoothes the rugged road, How it
2. I know the way is drea-ry To that bright and happy clime, But a
3. I'll tell Him I am weary, And I fain would be at rest, That I'm
4. I'll wait a lit - tle longer, Till His own appointed time, And will

seems to help me onward When I faint beneath my load; When my
lit - tle talk with Je-sus Will refresh me a - ny time; And as
dai - ly, hour - ly long-ing For a home up - on His breast. Once He
glo - ry in the knowledge Of a prospect so sublime, Then when

heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim, There is
yet the more I know Him, And His mer - cy I ex-plore, On - ly
gave His life a ransom, And would have me all His own, Can He
in my Father's dwelling, Where the many mansions be, I will

naught can yield me com-fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him
prompts my heart to long-ing For a lit - tle talk, the mor
now for- get His promise, And re - ject His purchased one.
sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And He will talk with me.

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# A Little Talk With Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Then I will talk with Jesus, Come, Lord, and talk with me, For there's naught can yield me com-fort, Like a lit-tle talk with Thee.

## No. 89. Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS. C. C. CLINE, by per.

1. Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Wait-ing ev-er-more,
2. Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Wait-ing at the door,
3. Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Friend He is and more,
4. Don't keep Je-sus wait-ing, Till the day is o'er,

Hark! He knock-eth soft-ly At thy bo-som's door;
How He suf-fered for thee All thy sins He bore;
As thy Sav-iour loves thee, None e'er loved be-fore;
Sad should Je-sus leave thee. Leave thee ev-er-more;

I..... im-plore.

Haste that door to o-pen, O-pen, I im-plore.
Bid Him free-ly en-ter, Bid Him, I im-plore.
Do not turn Him from thee, Do not, I im-plore.
Wide the door fling o-pen, O-pen, I im-plore.

I..... im-plore.

92

No. 90.

# Paul and Silas.

Acts 16: 25-26.

P. P. Bliss. D. B. Towner. By per.

1. Night had fal-len on the ci - ty, And the streets at last were still,
2. Man- y stripes to them were given Man-y curs-es on them cast;
3. Hark the sighing of the prisoners, Hear their moanings loud and long;
4. Oh, there's not a cell so lone-ly, But a song may ech - o there;

Where the nois-y throng the day-long, Did the air with shoutings fill.
Man - y bolts and bars surround them, In the stocks their feet were fast.
No, a - gain, and loud- er, clearer, 'Tis the voice of prayer and song.
Oh, there's not a night so cheerless, But there's po-ten-cy in prayer.

And the wea - ry way-worn trav'lers Preaching Jesus thro' the land,
While the trust - y Ro-man jail-or, All se-cure -ly slumb'ring on,
See, the pri - son walls are shaking, And the door wide o - pen stands;
Sing, oh, sing, thou weary pilgrim, Song will bring thee heav'nly peace,

Were in deep - est dungeon darkness, At the mag - istrates' command.
Lit - tle dream'd the mighty wonder Of the morrow's ear - ly dawn.
Lo, the earth, the earth is quak-ing, Loos'd are every prisoner's bands.
Pray, oh, pray, thou burden'd prisoner, God will give thee sweet release.

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# No. 91. O the Love that Sought Me.

I John 4: 9.

Dr. A. J. Gordon. H. L. Gilmour.

1. In tenderness He sought me, Weary and sick with sin, And on His shoulders bro't me Back to His fold a - gain; While angels in His
2. He washed the bleeding sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He whispered to as-sure me, "I've found Thee, Thou art mine;" I nev-er heard a
3. He point-ed to the nail-prints; For me His blood was shed; A mocking crown so thorn-y Was placed up-on His head; I won-der what He
4. I'm sit-ting in His presence, The sunshine of His face, While with a- dor-ing won - der His blessings I re - trace; It seems as if e-
5. So while the hours are passing, All now is per-fect rest; I'm wait-ing for the morn-ing, The brightest and the best, When He will call us

Chorus. *With feeling.*

presence sang, Un - til the courts of heaven rang.
sweet-er voice, It made my ach-ing heart rejoice.
saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag- o - ny.
ter-nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
to His side, To be with Him, His spot-less bride.
} O the love that sought me!

*Rit.*

O the blood that bought me! O the grace that brought me To the Savior's fold!

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No. 92.

# Move Forward.

Philip 3: 14.

G. W. Crofts. D. B. Towner.

1. Move forward! valiant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long, The
2. Move forward! each and every one, The gold-en harvest is begun, Ye
3. Move forward! reaping as you move! Angels are watching from above! A-
4. Move forward! day will die full soon, How quickly evening follows noon, Now

time has come for you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies.
reap - ers, come from glen and glade And wield the sickle's glitt'ring blade.
round are wit - ness-es a host, A-rouse ye now and save the lost.
is the time to work and pray— Let glory crown the dy - ing day.

Chorus.

Move for - ward, move for-ward, All a-long the line, Move
Move forward, move forward, All a-long the line, move forward,
for - ward, move for - ward, The light be-gins to shine
move forward, move forward,

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# No. 93. Wonderful Peace.

Psalm 119: 165.

Rev. W. D. Cornell, Alt. Rev. W. G. Cooper.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir-it to-night, Rolls a
2. What a treas-ure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Bur-ied
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this won-der-ful peace, Resting
4. And me thinks when I rise to that Cit-y of peace, Where the
5. Ah! soul, are you here with-out com-fort and rest, Marching

mel-o-dy sweeter than psalm; In ce-les-tial like strains it un-
deep in the heart of my soul, So se-cure that no pow-er can
sweet-ly in Je-sus con-trol; For I'm kept from all dan-ger by
Au-thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
down the rough pathway of time, Make Je-sus your friend ere the

ceas-ing-ly falls O'er my soul like an in-fi-nite calm.
mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
night and by day, And his glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.
ran-somed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be.
shad-ows grow dark; O ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime,

Chorus.

Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Fa-ther a-bove; Sweep

o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

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No. 94.

# Saved by Grace.

"By grace ye are saved." eph. 2: 5.

F. J. Crosby. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Solo or Duet.

1. Some day the silver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint-ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake Within the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall enter in - to rest.
That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

Chorus.

And I shall see Him face to face, and tell the
shall see to face,

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see

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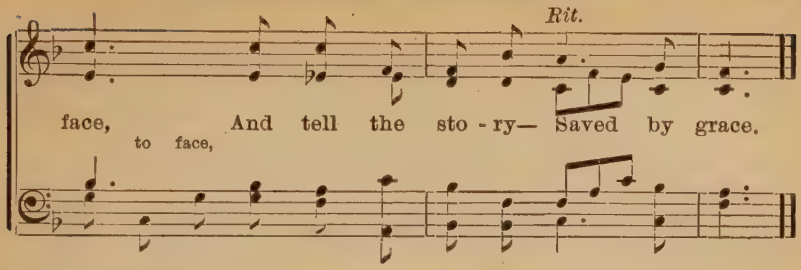
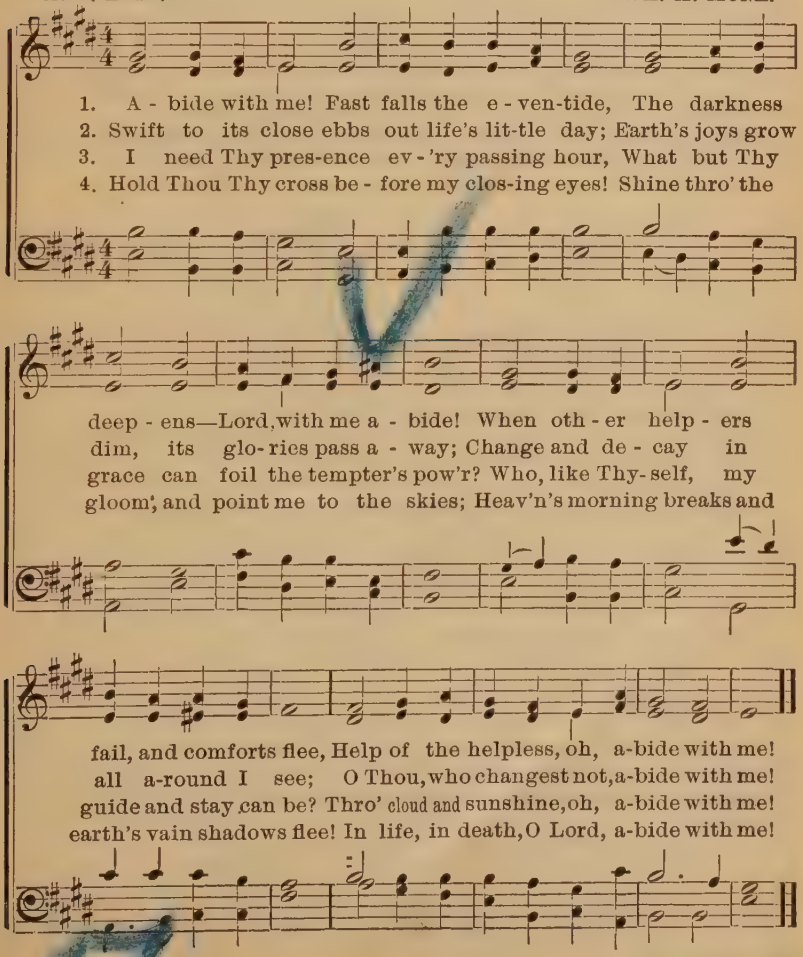



## No. 95. Abide with Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



98

No. 96.

# Redeemed.

Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. Psalm 107: 2. D. B. Towner.

1. Oh, glad "whosoever," the deed is done, My sins are pardoned thro'
2. I came to my Saviour, his word believed, When he the sin - ner at
3. Oh, glad "whosoever," the crim-son tide Is free and o - pen, is

Christ the Son; Of love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed; Oh,
once received, And now his prais - es I joy - ful - ly sing, And
deep and wide; Oh, come, my broth-er, and bathe in the stream, And

Chorus.

sweet is the peace of the soul redeemed! Oh glo - ry to
dwell in the love of my Lord and King.
you shall be filled with a joy su-preme. Oh, glo-ry to Je-sus, my

Je - sus, re - deemed! . . . re - deemed! . . . Of
soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed, my soul is redeemed!

love so pre-cious I nev - er had dreamed; Oh, rapt - ur-ous
Oh, rapt-ur-ous sto-ry! my

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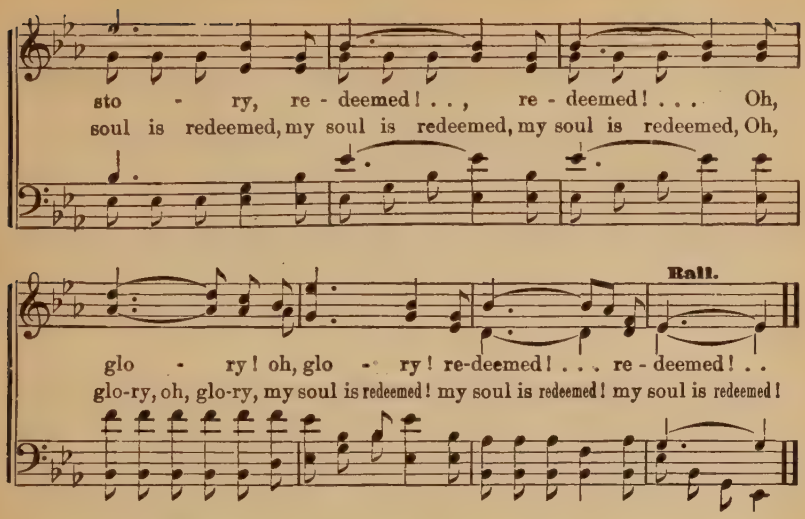
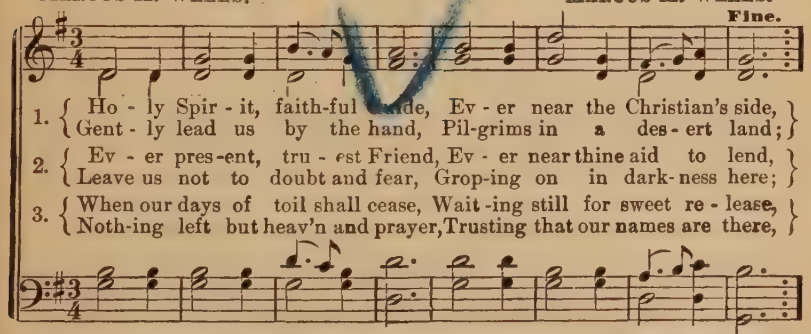
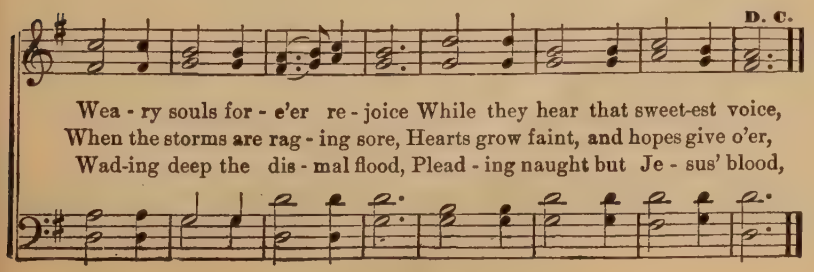
# Redeemed.—Concluded.




## No. 97. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

MARCUS M. WELLS. MARCUS M. WELLS.



100

No. 98.

# Rest in the Lord.

Jer. 6: 16.

N. B. SARGENT. N. B. SARGENT.

1. I was tempest-tossed on the sea of life For years and years;
2. In the hu-man heart I had sought re-pose, With joy and pride;
3. I will sing a glad and a grate-ful song, Long as I live,

I had fought a-lone in the dai-ly strife, With tears, and tears; With
But the pain that followed, God on-ly knows, When love had died; There
Un-to Him, that doth, all the way a-long, His sweet peace give; All

heav-y load op-pressed, My heart could find no rest, Till I rest-ed
was no rest for me On life's dark, storm-y sea, Till I rest-ed
earth-ly din a-bove, His ten-der voice of love Bids us come to

CHORUS.

in the Lord, Till I rest-ed in the Lord.
in the Lord, Till I rest-ed in the Lord.
Him and rest, Bids us come to Him and rest.
} Oh, rest in the Lord,

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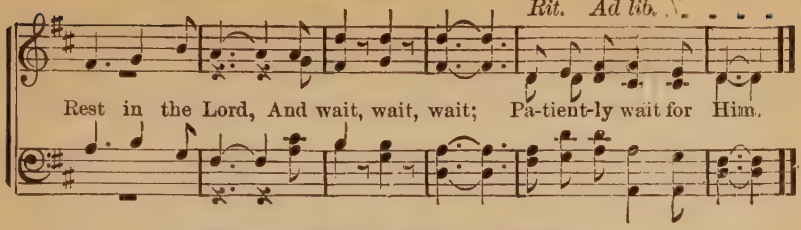
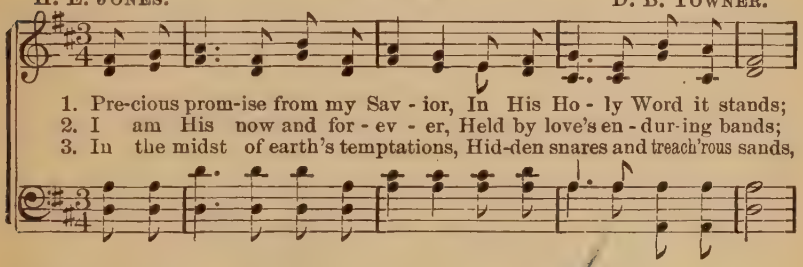
# Rest in the Lord.—Concluded.

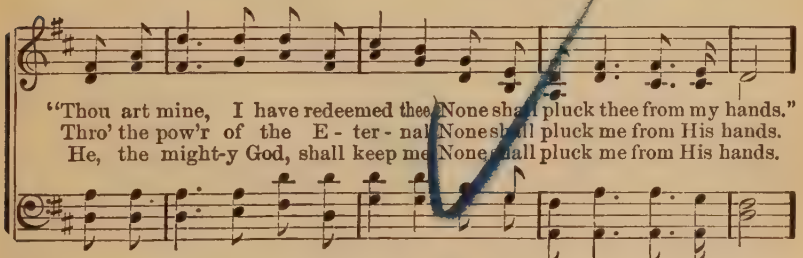


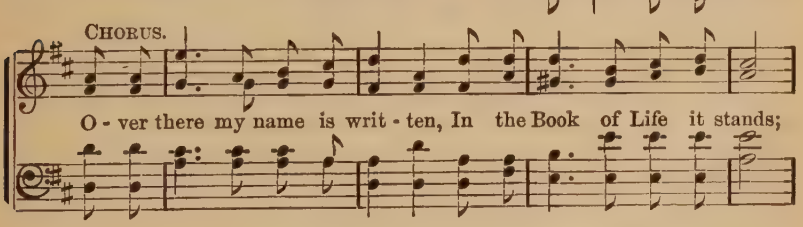

## No. 99. None Shall Pluck Thee.

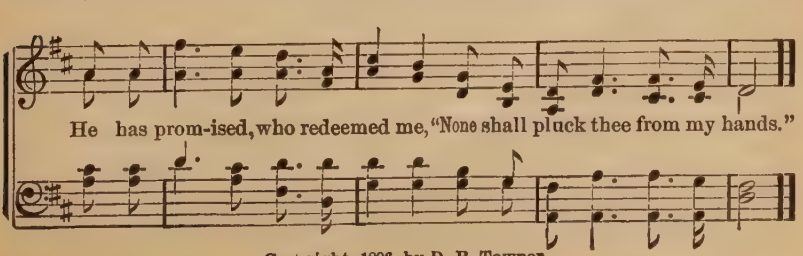
John 10: 28.

H. E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

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No. 100.

# It is Better Farther On.

Proverbs 4: 18.

KATE ULMER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Walk-ing as my Sav-iour lead-eth, heav'n-ward I go; Ev-er
2. Oft-en on the mounta-bid-ing, lost in His love; Count-less
3. Sweetest of com-mun-ion shar-ing with Him, my Guide, As He
4. Oh, 'tis sweet with Him to jour-ney in this glad way, Step by

in His foot-steps tread-ing, no fear I know; As the days glide
mer-cies round me fall-ing fresh from a-bove; Sometimes in the
gen-tly leads me where the still wa-ters glide; Rest-ing in the
step His glo-ry shin-eth clear-er each day; Joy-ful-ly I'm

sweet-ly on-ward, this my glad song; Oh, the way grows brighter,
val-ley, sing-ing there 'mid the throng; Oh, the way grows brighter,
liv-ing pas-tures, nev-er a-lone; Oh, the way grows brighter,
home-ward pressing, faith growing strong; For the way grows brighter,

CHORUS.

bet-ter, still far-ther on. It is bet-ter, bet-ter far-ther on,

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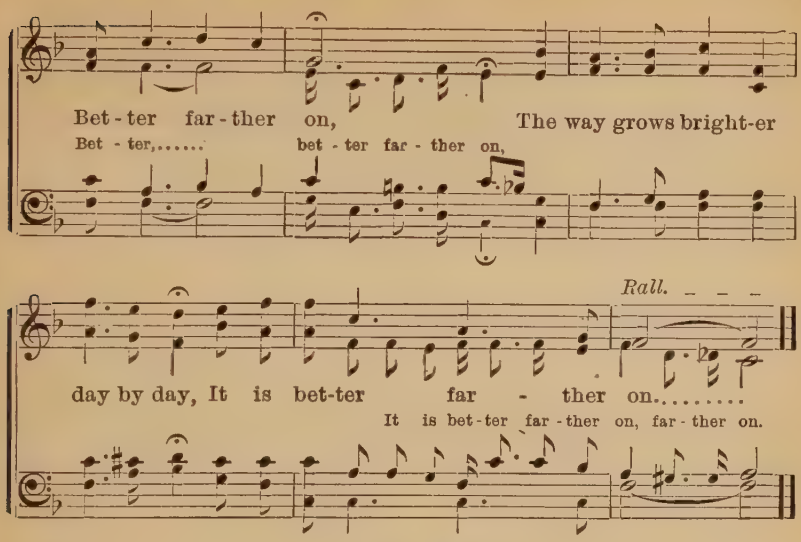
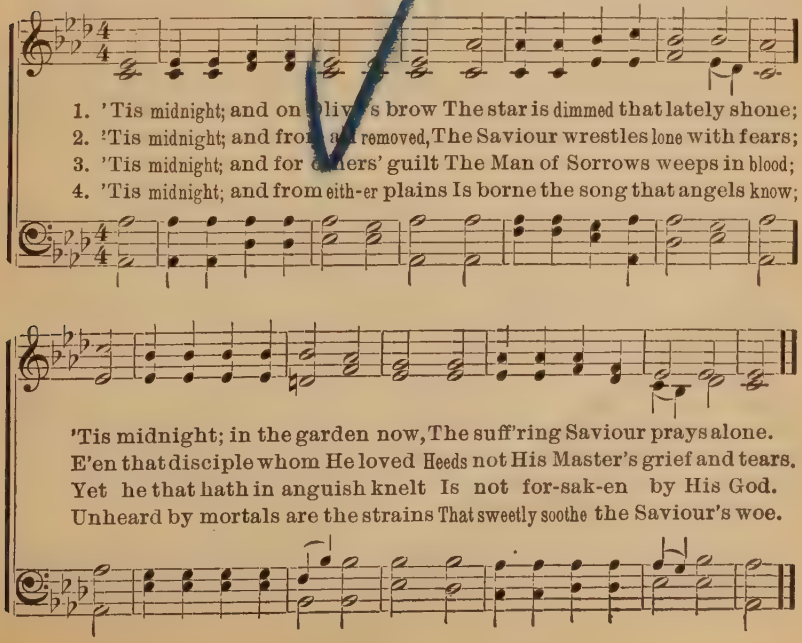



## No. 101. Olive's Brow.

WM. H. TAPPAN. WM. B. BRADBURY.



# No. 102. The New Song.

Rev. 15: 3.

W. B. BLAKE. J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a no-bler song Than our lips can
2. Sure the sweetest song e'er heard on earth by man Floated o'er Ju-
3. In that song of tri-umph we shall have a part Who are faith-ful

raise be - low, Un - to Je-sus Christ, our Elder Brother's praise, Who has
de - a's plain, But a grand-er an-them will be ours a-bove, When we
to the last; And who stand with Him upon the shining strand, When the

CHORUS.

washed us white as snow.
go with Him to reign.
Jor - dan we have passed.
'Twill be "Glory to Christ, our King," While the

heav-en - ly arch-es ring With the mel-o - dy of redeeming love com-

plete,..... Safe in heav-en - ly mansions fair, Its rich glo-ries e-
full and sweet,

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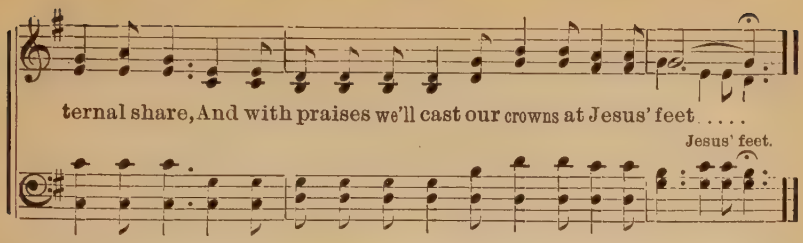
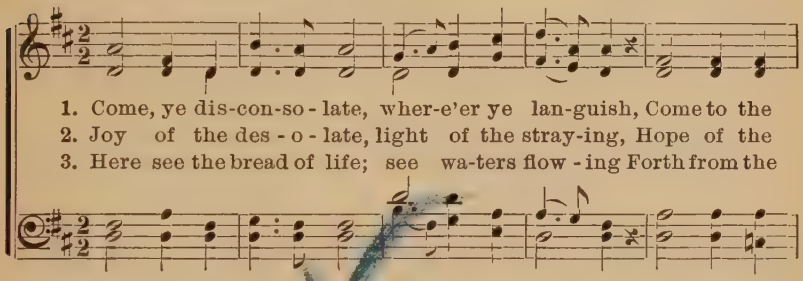
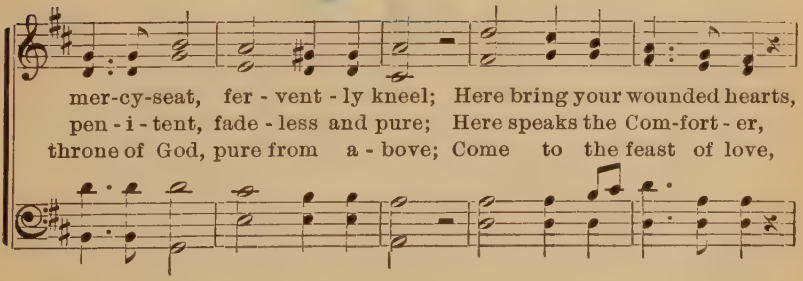
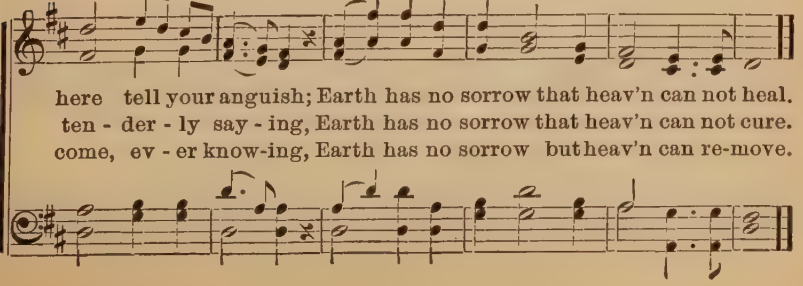



## No. 103. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE and THOS. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.



106

No. 104.

# Building for Eternity.

Acts 20: 32.

N. B. S. N. B. SARGENT. Arr.

1. We are building in sorrow or joy, A temple the world may not
2. Every tho't that we've ev - er had, Its own lit- tle place has
3. Every word that so light - ly falls, Giving some heart joy or
4. Are you building for God a - lone, Are you building in faith and

see, Which time cannot mar nor destroy, We build for e -ter - ni - ty.
fill'd, Ev'ry deed we have done *good* or bad, Is a stone in the temple we build.
pain, Will shine in our tem-ple walls, Or ev- er its beau-ty stain.
love, A temple the Father will own, In the ci-ty of light a- bove?

CHORUS.

We are building ev-ery day, . . A tem- ple the world may not
We are building, building, every day,

see, Building, building ev-ery day, Building for e-ter- ni - ty.

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No. 105.

# Travelling Home.

Isaiah 35: 10.

J. CENNICK. T. C. O'KANE. Arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney let us sing, Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.
2. Fear not, brethren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land, Jesus Christ, our Father's Son, Bids us un-dismayed go on.
3. Lord, o-be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all below, On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will follow Thee.

CHORUS.

We are trav'ling home, trav'ling home to God,
We are trav - - 'ling home to God, In the
In the nar-row way, Way our fa-thers trod,
way . . . . . our fa-thers trod, They are
They are happy now, happy now and we Soon their happiness shall see.
hap - - py now and we Soon their happiness shall see.

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106

No. 106.

# It Never Grows Old.

JOHN III: 16.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Re-peat the glad sto-ry that nev-er grows old, The sto-ry of Je-sus, His mer-cy un-told; The sweet gos-pel sto-ry, oh, tell it a-gain, Of peace and of pardon, and good-will to men.
2. The priests and the prophets and sa-ges of old The wondrous re-demption of Je-sus foretold; To-day we re-ceive it, thro' faith in His name, The glo-ri-ous gos-pel, for-ev-er the same.
3. The sad and the sin-ful, while ages have rolled; Have heard the sweet sto-ry that nev-er grows old; And still who-so-ev-er will hear and be-lieve The gospel's glad message, new life shall receive.
4. O Christ of the man-ger, the cross, and the crown, To bring us sal-va-tion Thy life was laid down; Thy love and Thy mer-cy, Thy triumphs un-told, Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal shall nev-er grow old.

CHORUS.

It nev-er grows old, it nev-er grows old, The sweet gos-pel sto-ry will nev-er grow old; Tho' kingdoms de-cay, and the

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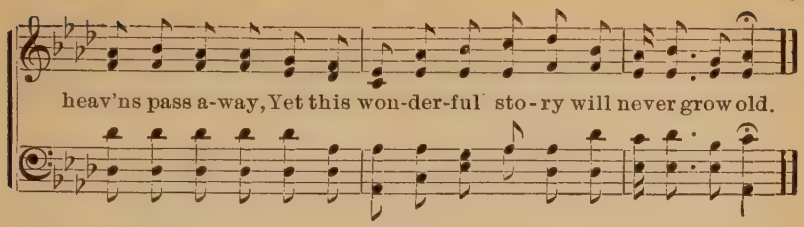
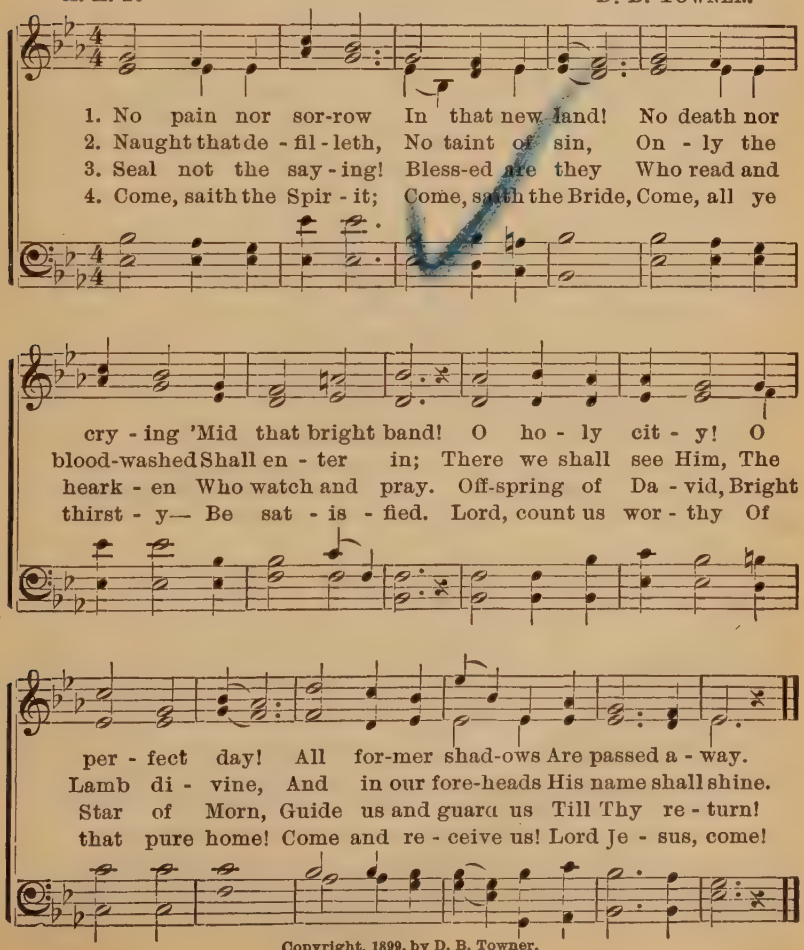



## No. 107. Lord Jesus, Come.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow."—ISAIAH 18: 3.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

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# No. 108. I Love to Tell the Story.

Psalm 145: 5.

CATHERINE HANKS. W. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat, What seems, each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hunger -

and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - derful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat - is-fies my longings,
sto - ry: For some have nev-er heard The message of sal - va - tion,
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry,

REFRAIN.

As noth-ing else can do.
From God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
That I have loved so long.

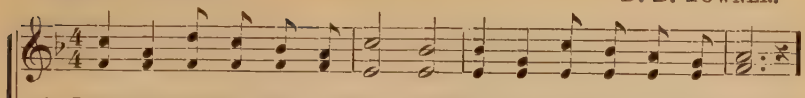
be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

No. 109.

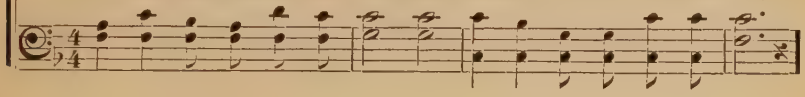
# Draw Me Nearer.

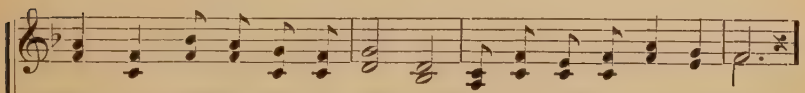
John 12: 32.

HELEN G. PIERCE. D. B. TOWNER.

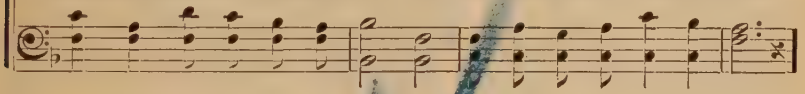


1. Draw me near-er, Je-sus, nearer, When my heart grows faint with fear;
2. Ask! I hear Thee say, and ask - ing Heavens richest gifts are Thine.
3. So I come, dear Saviour, knocking, Knocking at sweet mercies gate,
4. Oh Thou, in whom dwell all fullness, Wilt Thou now impart to me,



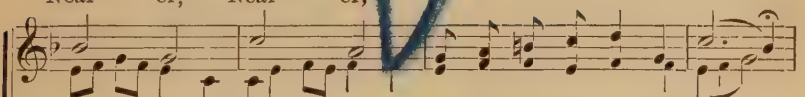


Help me catch Thy faintest whisper, Give me Lord a list-'ning ear.
Seek, Thou biddest me, and seek-ing, Thou shalt never fail to find.
Why should I for its un-lock - ing Still in doubt and darkness wait.
Something of Thy bless-ed na - ture, Draw me near-er, Lord, to Thee.

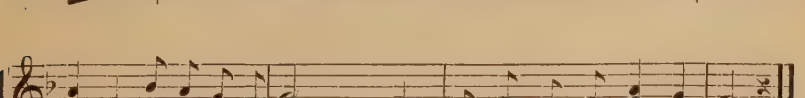


CHORUS.

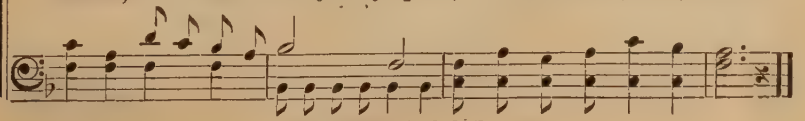
Near - er, Near - er,



Near-er, near-er, Draw me nearer, Draw me near-er Lord, to Thee.



Fill me with Thy Holy Spir - it.
Fill me, fill me with Thy Holy Spirit, Draw me nearer, Lord, to Thee.



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112

# No. 110. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Deut 31: 6.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war; With the cross of Jesus
2. Like a mighty army, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be-fore. Christ, the royal Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di- vid - ed, All one bod-y we,
Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King;

CHORUS.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges, Men and an- gels sing.

soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Going on before.
war, With the cross of Je-sus

No. 111.

# Praise His Name.

Psalm 45:17.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. All the way my Lord is lead-ing me; Praise His name,
2. When I faint, His grace up-hold-eth me; Praise His name,
3. Cares of life have o-ver-tak-en me; Praise His name,

praise His name! With His heav'n-ly man-na feed-ing me;
praise His name! When I fear, His arms en-fold-eth me;
praise His name! Yet He nev-er has for-sak-en me;

CHORUS.

Praise His ho-ly name. Hal-le-lu-jah! this is my song,

Je-sus, Je-sus, the whole day long, Swell the cho-rus,

might-y and strong,—Praise His ho-ly name.

Copyright, 1894, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

# No. 112. He Never Says "Good-bye."

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Heb. 13: 5.

C. A. S. Alt. and arr. by
JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. In pain, on couch of weakness, A wea-ry suff-'rer lay.
2. He nev - er leaves His peo - ple, Nor e'er forsakes His own;
3. The joys of earth may van - ish, Its mu-sic cease to cheer,
4. And tho' we oft - en grieve Him, Unmind-ful of His love,
5. A dark-ened vale is near - ing, The hour has come to die;

With face, both pale and hag - gard, In twilight, soft and gray;
He knows their needs, how-ev - er, To oth - ers all unknown;
Its bright-ness be o'er-cloud - ed, Its glo - ry dis - ap-pear;
While stray-ing from the pas - ture He watch-es still a - bove.
But still He walks be - side us, And grace doth He sup-ply;

A friend, de - part - ing, whispered, That Je - sus still was nigh,
In sick - ness and in sor - row, He list - ens to their cry;
Our near-est friends may leave us, Our moth-er stay not by,
He notes the rug - ged path-way, That brings the bit-ter sigh,
From death to life a - ris - en, With Him are we on high!

"Oh yes," She slow - ly answered, "He nev - er says 'Good-bye.'"
With lov - ing arms a - round them, He nev - er says "Good-bye."
But Je - sus nev - er fails us, He nev - er says "Good-bye."
And lifts us to His bos - om He nev - er says "Good-bye."
In heav'n - ly life and glo - ry He nev - er says "Good-bye."

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# He Never Says "Good-bye."—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He nev-er says "Good-bye," He nev-er says "Good-bye,"

Tho' all the world may turn a-way, He nev-er says "Good-bye."

## No. 113. It is Not Death to Die.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE. JOS. E. SWEETSER.

1. It is not death to die— To leave this wea-ry road,
2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears,
3. It is not death to fling A-side this sin-ful dust,
4. Je-sus, Thou Prince of life! Thy chos-en can-not die;

And 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God.
And wake in glo-ri-ous re-pose To spend e-ter-nal years.
And rise, on strong ex-ult-ing wing, To live a-mong the just.
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high.

116

# No. 114. Brother, Won't you Send the Light?

Acts 14: 47.

W. B. CARNES. NANNIE CARNES.

1. Hark! I hear a cry ascending, From the blind, the halt and lame;
2. I-dols on their thrones are sha-king, See them crumbling to decay;
3. Lo, that cry grows loud and stronger "Come and help us now" they pray;

'Tis the cry of na-tions bending 'Neath a load of sin and shame.
Sol-diers of the cross are tak-ing Heath-en lands for Christ to-day.
Broth-er, do not dal - ly long - er, Heed that plaintive cry to - day.

Long in darkness have they pleaded, Long has been their lonely night;
Open doors stand wide before us, Lo the fields are read-y, white;
God will bless you if you list - en, *Give*, and do it with your might;

Long that cry has gone un-heed-ed, Brother, won't you send the light?
"Come and help now" they implore us, Brother, won't you send the light?
Pray the Lord the day to hast-en When all na-tions have the light?

CHORUS.

O that light so brightly shining, Drives a-way the dark-est night;

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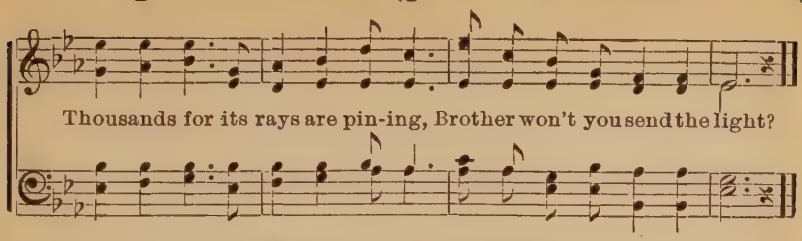
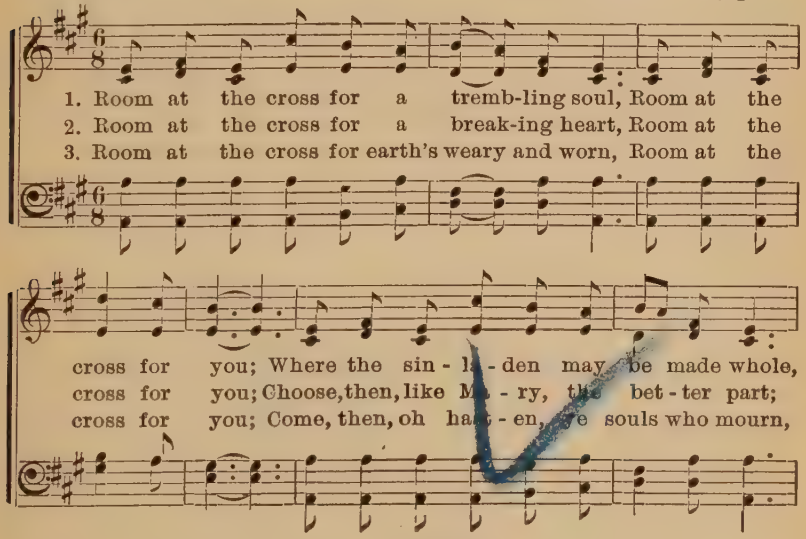
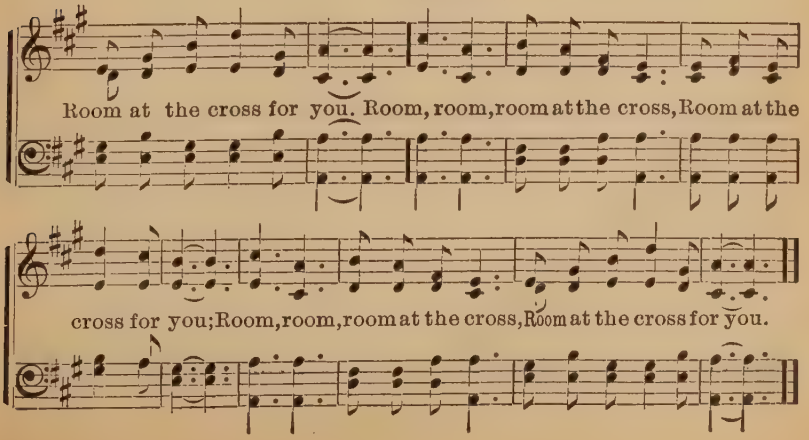



## No. 115. Room at the Cross.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake. By per.




Refrain.



118

# No. 116. Forward on the Heavenly Way.

Phil. 3: 14.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. For-ward, for-ward on the heav'n-ly way, On-ward, up-ward,
2. List-en, list-en, from His king-ly throne, Je-sus calls us,
3. Fol-low, fol-low, loy-al to the Right, Press-ing for-ward

lin-ger not to-day, Je-sus calls us, He pre-sents the prize,
He will lead His own. Cour-age, cour-age, march a-gainst the foe,
in the path of light. On-ward, up-ward, till the day is done,

CHORUS.

Stead-i-ly march onward 'neath His watching eyes.
With your great commander ev-er forward go.
Till the promised vic-to-ry is brav-ely won.
} March-ing,
Marching on, steadily

march-ing, Je-sus' march-ing or-ders we must
march-ing on, stead-i-ly

all o-bey, for-ward, for-ward,
For-ward, for-ward, stead-i-ly, stead-i-ly for-ward,

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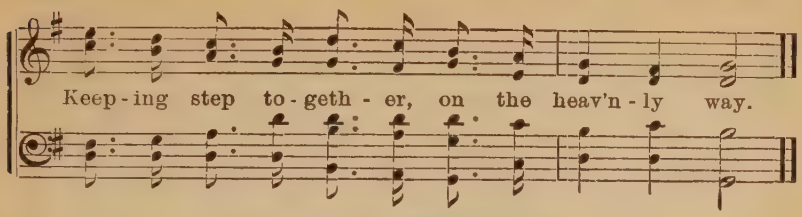
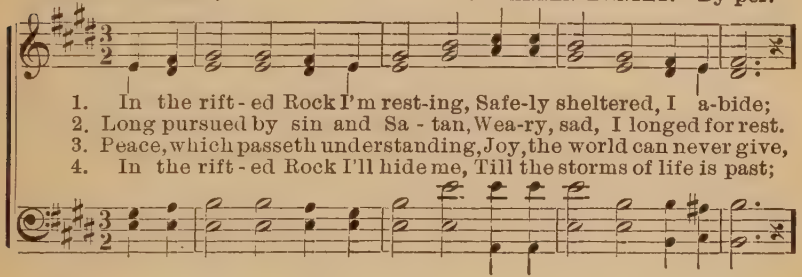
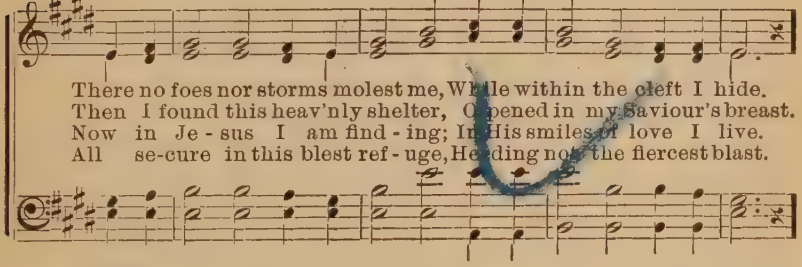



## No. 117. Sweetly Resting.

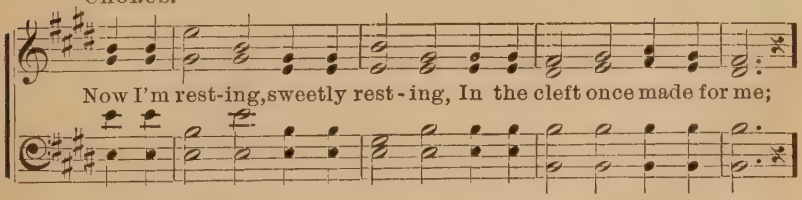
Psalm. 94: 22.

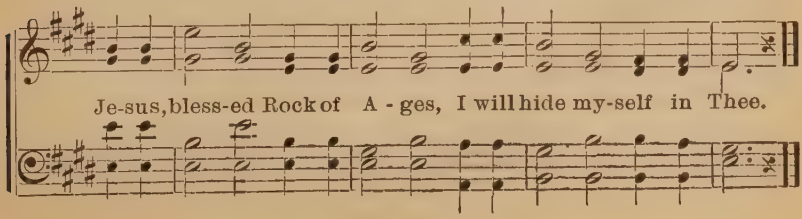
MARY D. JAMES. W. WARREN BENTLY. By per.




CHORUS.



120

No. 118.

# As Panteth the Hart.

Psalm 42.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. As pant-eth the hart for the wa - ter brooks, So panteth my soul aft - er God, In hun-ger and thirst in a des - ert way, The
2. Thou, God of my life I re - mem-ber Thee, Thy love has been ev - er of old, Oh, make in my heart Thine a-bid - ing place, And
3. I look un - to Je - sus, my on - ly help, I lift up my heart and re-joice, From out of the darkness I cry to Him, He
4. The Lord will de - liv - er the soul that trusts, A song in the night shall be Thine, Hope ev-er in God, for on dark - est clouds His

CHORUS.

trav - el-worn pil-grim has trod.
let me Thy gladness be - hold.
hear-eth the pen - i - tent's voice.
ra - di - ant prom-is - es shine.

Hun - ger-ing, thirst - ing,
Hungering, hungering, hungering, thirsting,

Je - sus I pray, ..... come and a - bide ... in my heart .... to - day, ..... Give ..... me the wa -
Je-sus I pray, Je - sus I pray, Come and abide and a-bide in my heart.
Come, and a-bide in my heart to-day, Give me the wa - ter of life ev - er-

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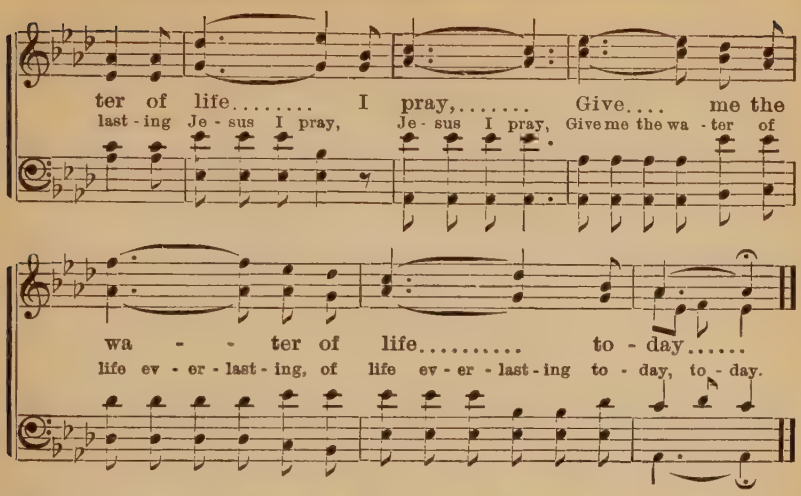
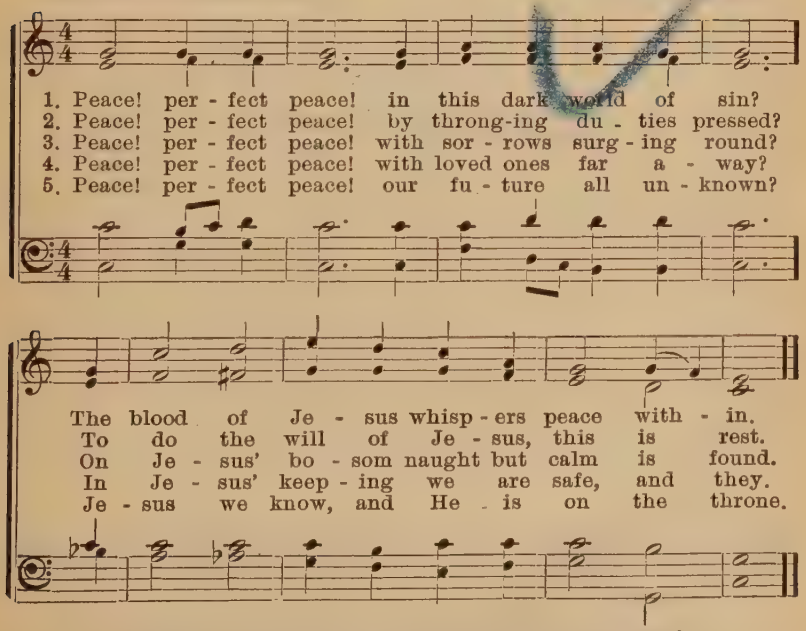
# As Panteth the Hart.—Concluded.




## No. 119. Peace, Perfect Peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. G. T. CALDBECK.




6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

122

# No. 120. Wonderful Love of Jesus.

Romans 8: 39.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In vain in high and ho - ly lays My soul her grate - ful
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in
3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing

voice would raise; For who can sing the worth - y praise Of the
dark - ness light; In pain a balm, in weak-ness might, Is the
when I fall; In life, in death, my all in all, Is the

CHORUS.

won - der - ful love of Je - sus. Won - der - ful love!

won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

Won-der-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love of Je - sus!

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# No. 121. Are You Laying Up Your Treasure.

Matt. 6: 21.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Are you lay-ing up your treas-ure, Where no moth nor rust can
2. Here on earth are scattered jew - els, Jew - els that may shine for-
3. Pre-cious souls may be your treas - ure, Gifts of love and deeds of
4. With your treasure will your heart be, Are your precious stores laid

ev - er spoil? What shall be the fi - nal meas-ure, What shall be the
ev - er-more; In the Saviour's crown of glo - ry, Will you gath-er
mercy shown, These may go be-fore to meet you, When the Lord of
up on high? Then your life is rich-er grow-ing, While the hast'ning

CHORUS.

gain of earth-ly toil?
these for yon bright shore?
life calls home His own.
days are go - ing by.
Laying up your treasure, Heap-ing up the

meas - ure, In the safe and se-cret place a - bove.....
se - cret place a - bove.

Glad-ly, gladly shall we find it, In the realms of light and joy and love.

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124

No. 122.

# On the Rock.

Psalm 40: 2.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo-ry to His name!
2. I rest in peace when the waves rise high, Glo-ry to His name!
3. He brought me up from the mir - y clay, Glo-ry to His name!

I find sweet rest on the Rock to - day, Glo-ry to His name!
I have no fear when the storms sweep by, Glo-ry to His name!
And that is why I re - joice to - day, Glo-ry to His name!

My heart is full of the glad new song, I join in praise with the
I'm safe, I'm safe, in the cleft I hide, In storm and calm, in my
My rock is Christ and my safe - ty sure, My rock is Christ and I

ran-somed throng, My faith is bright and my hope is strong,
Lord a - bide, O sweet the rest of His shel - t'ring side,
shall en - dure, Till safe at home with the host made pure,

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to His name! Glo-ry to His name! Glo - ry to His
Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name! Glo - ry, glo - ry

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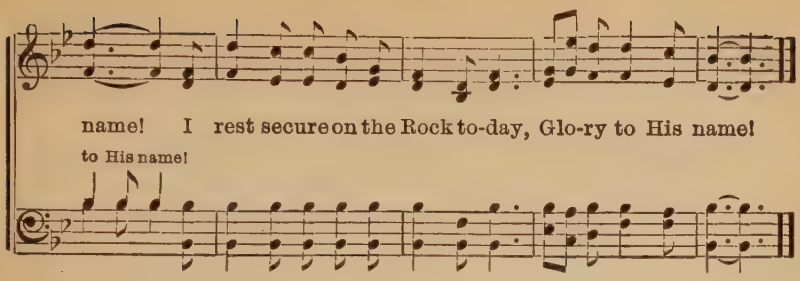
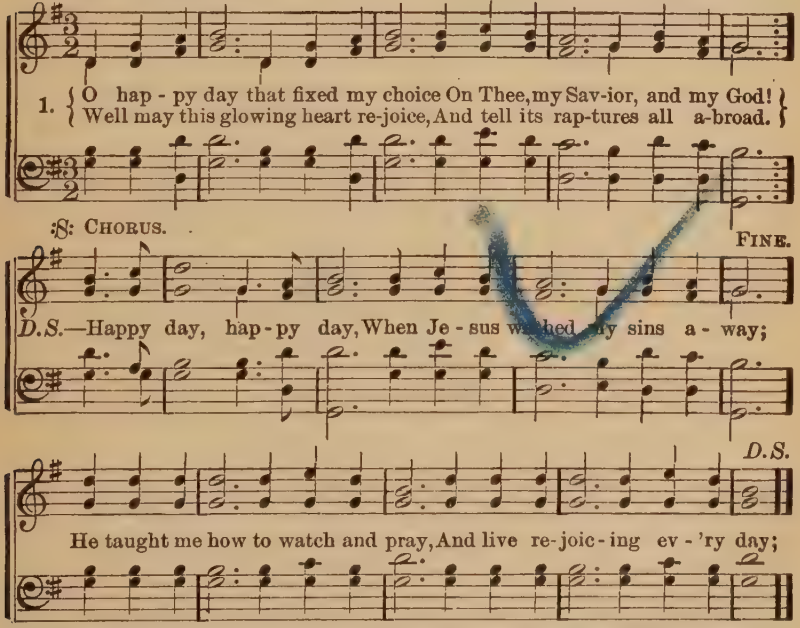



## No. 123. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.




2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

126

No. 124.

# The Next Step.

A. A. P. Hebrews 6: 19 D. B. TOWNER.

DUET.

1. I can - not see beyond the mo - ment; To-mor-row's
2. With each temp-ta - tion, Thou hast promised The grace to
3. For - get - ting all the wea - ry fail - ures, The sin - ful
4. The storms that gath - er round my path - way, May hide the

strength comes not to - day; But bless-ed Lord, I trust Thy
con - quer and to bear, A way of sure es - cape pro-
sel - fish past has known, With eyes that look right on-ward
next step from my sight, But faith can walk with God in

CHORUS.

keep-ing, For just the next step of my way.
vid - ed, From ev-'ry sub-tle, se-cret snare.
al - way, I will to fol-low Thee a - lone.
darkness, And He will guide that step a-right.

O Jesus keep my next step

faith - ful, To paths marked out by God for me! "Hold Thou me

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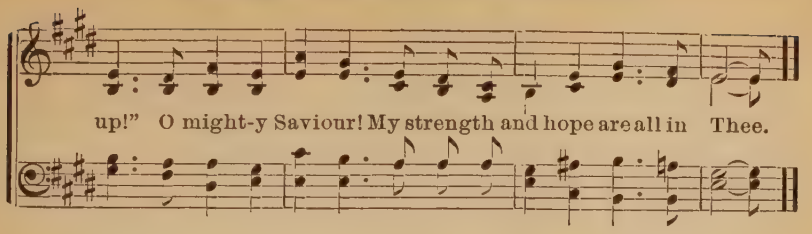
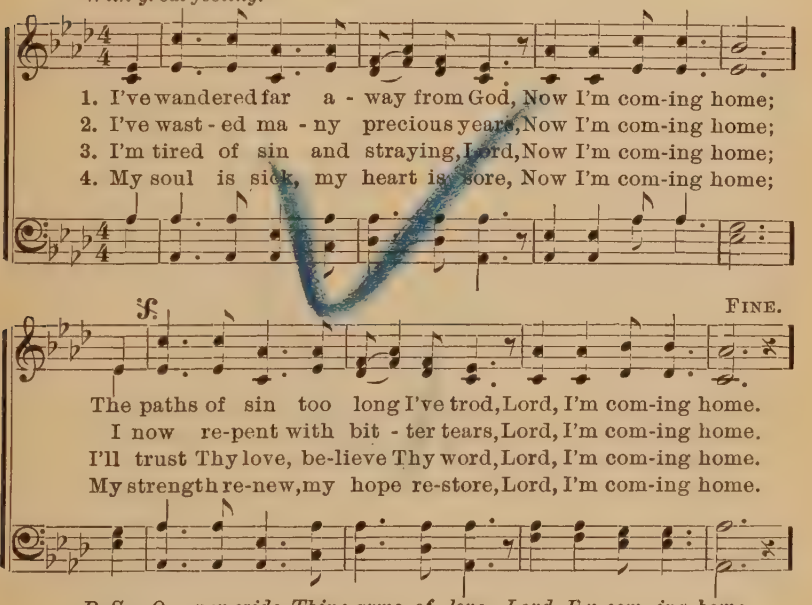


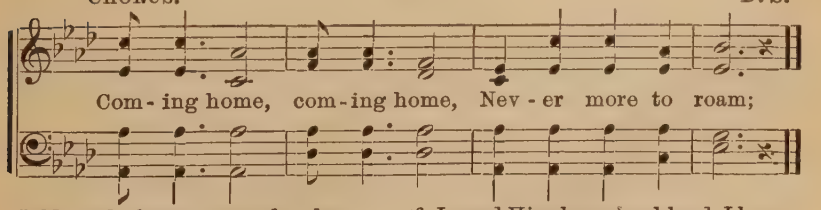

## No. 125. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

*With great feeling.*




CHORUS. — D. S.




5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow
Lord, I'm coming home.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

128

# No. 126. My Other Lost Sheep.

"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also must I bring." John 10: 16.

MARY B. WINGATE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. My "oth - er" lost sheep I am seek - ing, Oh, go out and gath-er them in; They're not of this fold and they wan - der A-way on the mountains of sin. No call to a fold that is wait - ing, Has bid-den those sheep to re - joice, No word of a
2. Oh, dear are the "sheep of my past - ures," And pre-cious the lambs of my fold; But "oth-er sheep," hungry and thirst- y Are wan-d'ring a - way in the cold. No draught of the "still flow-ing wa - ters" That wind thro' the pastures of love, No Shepherd to
3. Go gath - er my sheep that are stray - ing, Go seek - ing my "oth-er" lost sheep; The thorns and the bri-ars will tear them, The pit - falls are ma - ny and deep. Go, gath-er the lambs for my bo - som, The lambs that are ten - der and fair, The highways and
4. One fold there shall be, and one Shep-herd, There's room in my heart for them all; My "oth-er" sheep glad-ly will fol - low, If on - ly you ech - o my call. Oh, why stand ye i - dle and wait - ing? They wander still far-ther a - way, My sheep in the

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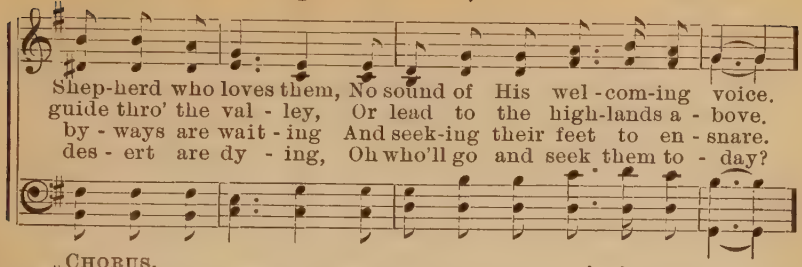
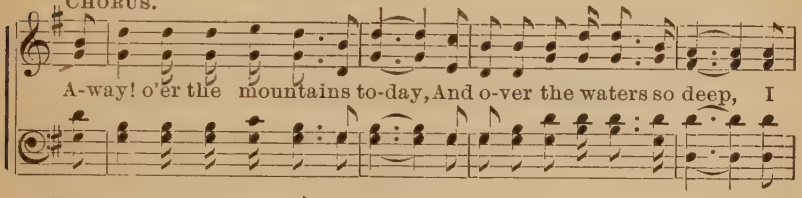
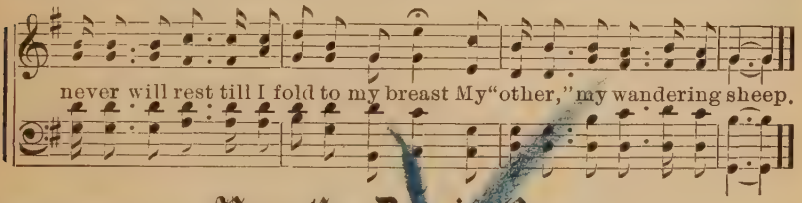
# My Other Lost Sheep.—Concluded.



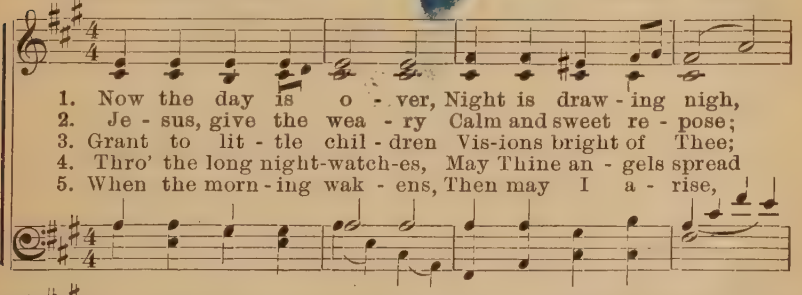

CHORUS.

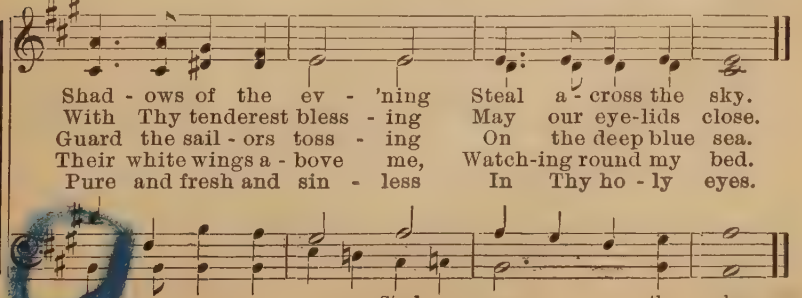



## No. 127. Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.



130

No. 128.

# Sing to the Lord.

Psalm 104: 33.

P. H. J. H. F.

*Con spirito.*

1. Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, ye thankful people.

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, all ye His saints.

1. All thy hills He clothed with fattling, All thy vales He spread with harvest,
2. We will haste un-to His temple, We will come with glad thanksgiving,

All thy barns He filled with plen-ty, He, the bounteous Giv - er.
We will show ourselves most joy-ful, In His gra - cious pres-ence.

He hath crowned the year with goodness, He hath set for thee a table,
We will talk of all His goodness, We will tell of all His kindness,

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# Sing to the Lord.—Concluded.

He hath filled thy heart with gladness, Praise ye Him for - ev - er.
We will sing of all His mer-cies, Sure and ev - er - last - ing.

Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, ye thankful
oh, oh,
people, Sing to the Lord, Sing to the Lord, Praise ye His holy name.
oh, oh,

## No. 129. Behold! a Stranger's at the Door!

JOSEPH GREGG. HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. Behold! a Stranger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude, He stands With melting heart and laden hands!
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver-y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out His en-e - my and thine,
5. Ad-mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friends so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-destroying monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

132

No. 130.

# Would You Believe?

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Act. 16: 31.

CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
3. He whisp-ers to your heart, turn not a - way, For He's be - side

and pierced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'ns own light;
words on - ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten - der feet;
you, in your nar-row pew; If you will list - en, you will hear Him say,

CHORUS.

And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." Would you believe.....
And hear Him say—"Beloved, 'twas for you." Last v. Will you be-lieve.....
In lov-ing tones, "Beloved, 'twas for you."

Would you be-lieve
Last v. Will you be-lieve

and Je-sus re - ceive..... If He were stand - - ing
and Je-sus re - ceive..... For He is stand - ing

And Je - sus re-ceive? If He were standing
And Je - sus re-ceive? For He is standing

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# Would You Believe?—Concluded.

here?..... Would you be - lieve,..... and Je - sus re-
here,..... Will you be - lieve,..... and Je - sus re-
here, were stand-ing here? Would you be - lieve,
here, is stand-ing here, Will you be - lieve,

ceive?..... If He were stand - ing..... here...
ceive?..... For He is stand - ing..... here...
and Je - sus re-ceive? If He were stand-ing, if He were standing here....
and Je - sus re-ceive? For He is stand-ing, for He is stand-ing here....

## No. 131. There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac - es for the good:
3. There is plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

There's a kind - ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the members In the sor - rows of the Head,
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of the Lord.

134

## No. 132. Go and Tell Jesus.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." Isaiah 53:4.

W. J. Kennedy. D. B. Towner.

1. Go and tell Je - sus how wea - ry thou art; Poor pilgrim, so ti -
2. Go and tell Je - sus how tempted thou art; Tho' tempted, He sin-
3. Go and tell Je - sus how lone - ly thou art; As loved ones are pass-
4. Go and tell Je - sus thy tri - als and care; And He will sup - ply

red and weak; He'll smoothe thy rough way, And fresh courage im - part,
less remained; With pow'r to re - sist, He will strengthen thy heart,
ing a - way; Thy Broth - er and Friend, He will nev - er de - part,
all thy needs; Thy bur-dens for thee, He will gra-cious - ly bear.

Chorus.

If His help thou wilt tru[illegible] ing - ly seek.
With His grace thou wilt still be sus-tained.
But with thee will [illegible] - er - more stay.
If thou'lt fol - low wher[illegible] ev - er He leads.

Go and tell

Je - sus, go and tell Je - sus,
Go and tell Je - sus, Go and tell Je - sus,

Go tell Him thy sor-row and fears, His pro-mise be-lieve, His

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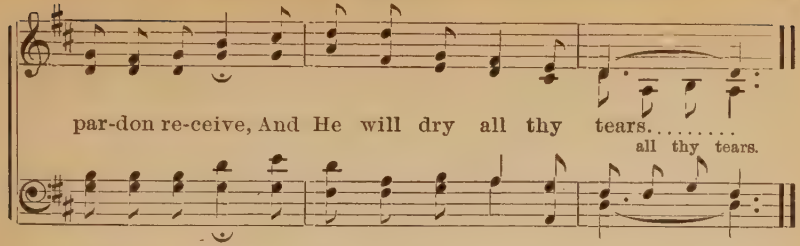
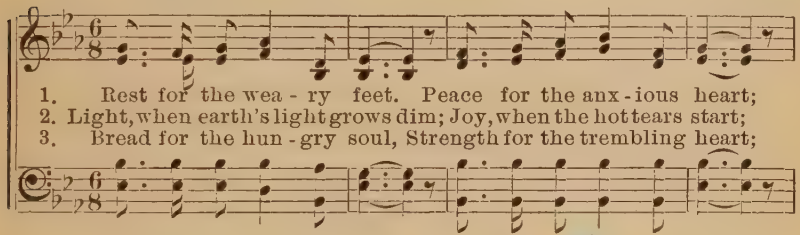
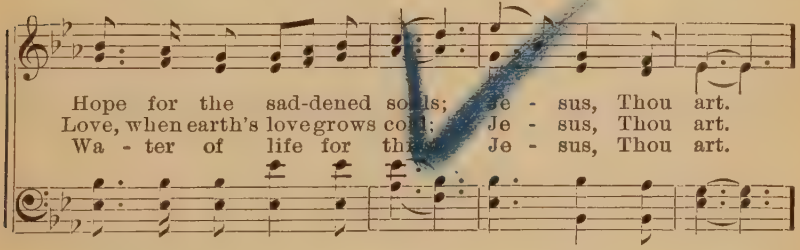
## Go and Tell Jesus.—Concluded.




## No. 133. Rest for the Weary Feet.

FLORA KIRKLAND. D. B. TOWNER.

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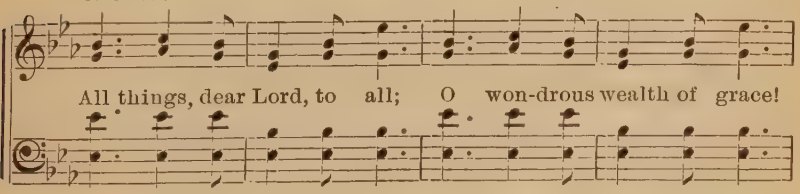


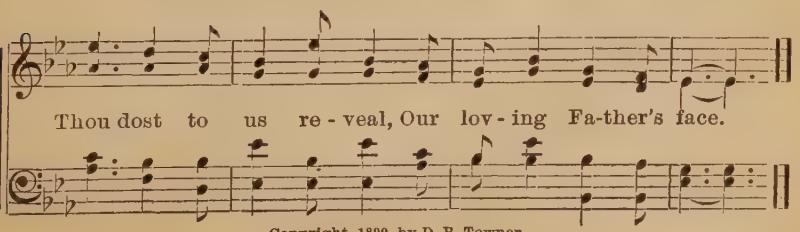


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# No. 134. When the Judgment-day Shall Dawn.

II Cor. 5: 10.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. D. B. TOWNER.

*Andante.*

1. When the judg-ment-day shall dawn, And the Lord His saints reward,
2. When God's an-gel shall draw near, Bring to you the sol-emn word,
3. Some will stand be-fore the throne, Un-re-pent-ed, full of sin;
4. What a mo-ment that will be, When we stand be-fore the Lord,
5. Come now, friend, the question solve, For the judgment-day is near,

*Rall.*

Will your soul at Je-sus' call, Read-y be to meet your Lord?
In the judg-ment to ap-pear, Can you meet with joy the Lord?
Some a-noint-ed as His own, Shall with Je-sus en-ter in.
Who of us will read-y be, Worth-y to re-ceive re-ward?
Trust Him now, and let Him in, And sur-ren-der ev-'ry fear.

CHORUS.

Will your soul be robed and ready, Clothed in garments spotless white?

Will a fade-less crown a-wait you, In that home of love and light?

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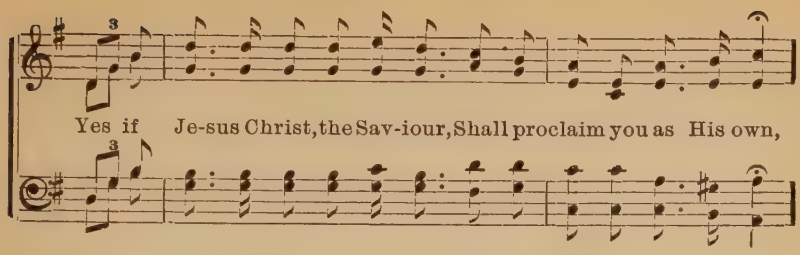
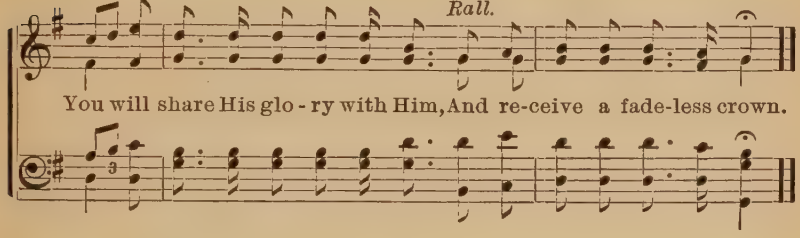
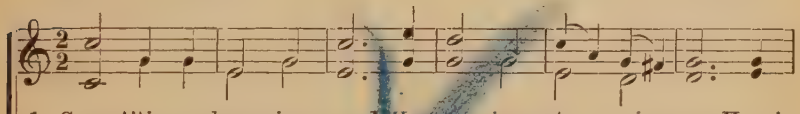
# When the Judgment.—Concluded.

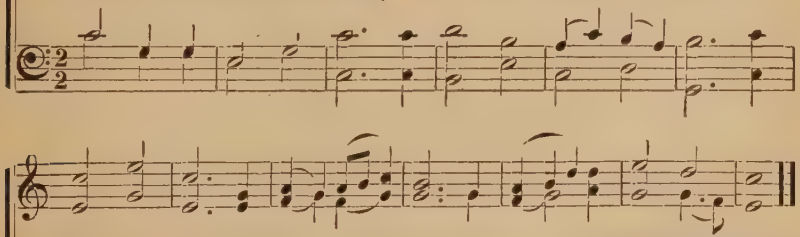



## No. 135. Silver Street.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. ISAAC SMITH.



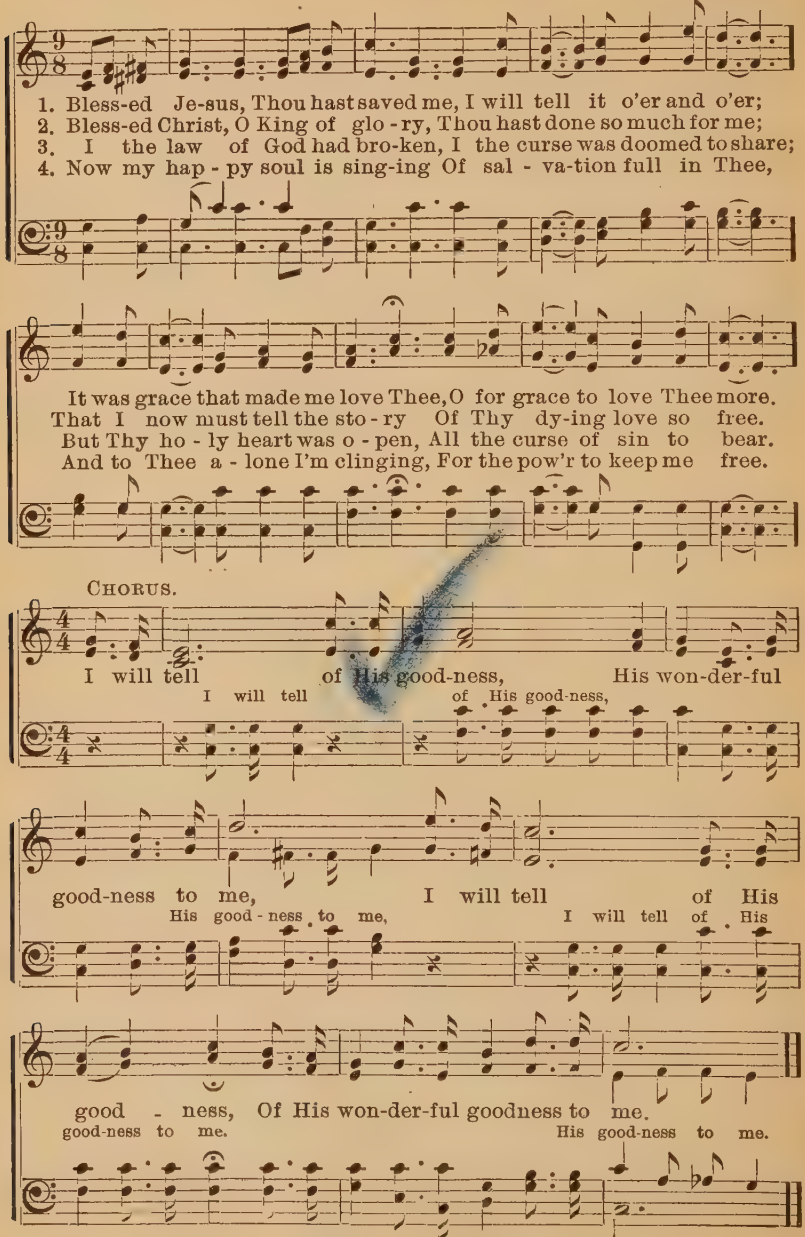



138

# No. 136. I Will Tell of His Goodness to Me.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." I Tim. 1: 15.

DAVID CONN. O. A. MILLER.

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No. 137.

# At the Door.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door." Rev. 3: 8.

Mrs Urania Locke Bailey. Robert Lowry.

*Tenderly.*

1. The mistakes of my life are ma-ny, The sins of my heart are more,
2. I am low-est of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who pray;
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a - way,
4. The mistakes of my life are ma-ny, And my spir-it is sick with sin,

And I scarce can see for weeping, But I knock at the o - pen door.
But I come as He has bid-den, And He will not say me nay.
And the feet that shrink and falter, Shall walk thro' the gate of day.
And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.

Chorus.

I know I am weak and sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But

when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en-ter that o - pen door.

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1110

No. 138.

# The Spirit is Calling.

Rev. 22: 17.

L. E. JONES. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The Spir - it is call-ing, oh, do not de - lay, But turn, quickly turn
2. The Spir - it is call-ing, in ten-der - est voice, Oh, hasten to - day
3. The Spir - it is call-ing, oh, do not say no, Es-cape from a serv-

from the danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je - sus the Lord,
and your heart shall rejoice, For with the Redeemer, the tried and oppressed,
ice that's freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne

CHORUS.

So come to Him now and believe in His word.
Shall find a blest ha-ven of com-fort and rest.
And Christ will accept you and make you His own.

The Spi - it is
The Spir-it is call-ing, is

call-ing, . . . . . Is ten - der-ly call-ing, . . . The
call-ing for thee, Is ten-der-ly call-ing, "Oh, come un - to me:" The

Spir - it is call-ing, . . . Is call - ing for thee, . . . Re-
spir-it is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, Is call-ing, is call-ing for thee, for thee, Re-

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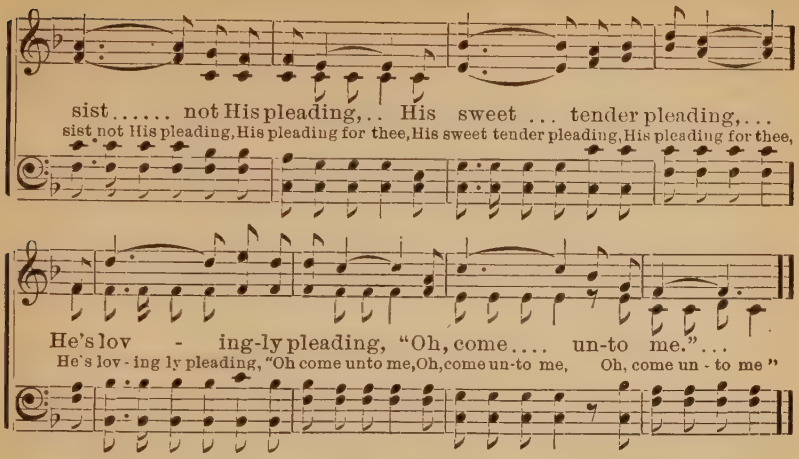
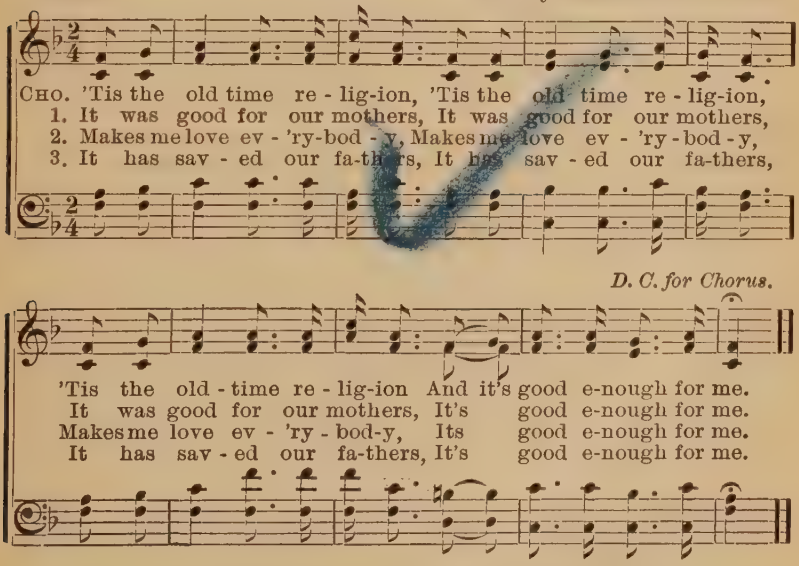
# The Spirit is Calling—Concluded.




## No. 139. The Old Time Religion.

Anon. Arr. by FRENCH E. OLIVER.




4 ‖:It was good for the Prophet Daniel.:‖
It's good enough for me.

5 ‖:It was good for the Hebrew Children:‖
It's good enough for me.

6 ‖:It was tried in the fiery furnace,:‖
It's good enough for me.

7 ‖:It was good for Paul and Silas,:‖
It's good enough for me.

8 ‖:It will do when I am dying,:‖
It's good enough for me.

9 ‖:It will take us all to heaven,:‖
It's good enough for me.

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142

No. 140.

# The Old Ship Zion.

Psalm 18: 6.

M. J. CARTWRIGHT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I was drift - ing a - way on life's pit - i - less sea, And the
2. 'Twas the "Old ship of Zi - on," thus sail - ing a - long, All a -
3. The good Cap-tain com-mand-ed a boat to be low'red, And with
4. O soul, sink-ing down 'neath sin's mer-ci-less wave, The strong

an - gry waves threatened my ru - in to be, When a-
board her seemed joy - ous, I heard their sweet song, And the
ten - der com - pass - ion, He took me on board, And I'm
arm of our Cap - tain is might - y to save; Then

way at my side, there I dim - ly des-cried A
Cap - tains kind ear, ev - ' read - y to hear, Caught my
hap - py to - day, All my sins washed a - way In the
trust Him to - day, No long - er de - lay; Board the

state - ly old ves - sel, and loud - ly I cried, Ship, a - hoy!
wail of dis-tress, as I cried out in fear, Ship, a - hoy!
blood of my Sav-iour; and now I can say, Bless the Lord!
old ship of Zi - on, and shout on your way, Je - sus saves!

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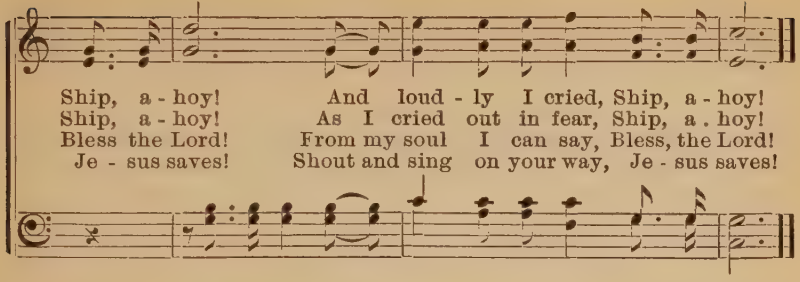
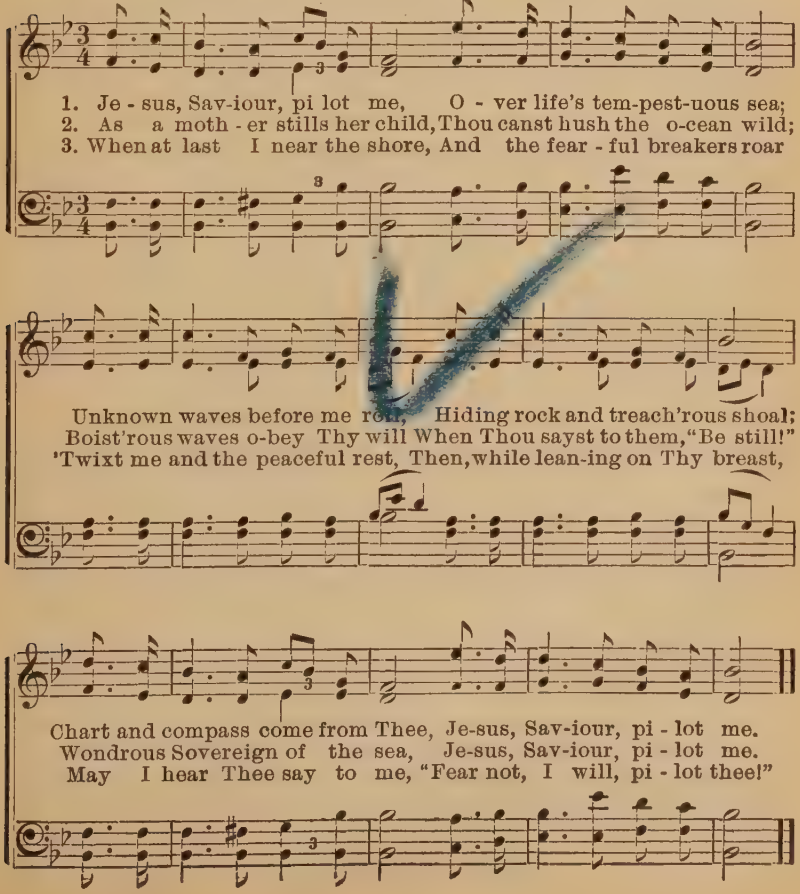
# The Old Ship Zion.—Concluded.




## No. 141. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper, D.D. 1871, alt. J. E. Gould.



144

No. 142.

# Victory!

I Cor. 15: 57.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Hap-py in the Saviour we are marching on to glory, Singing hal-le-
2. Clouds and darkness, sin and error—see them disappearing, As the hosts of
3. Faith will bring the victory! rejoice, the day is breaking! Floods of golden

lu-jah to the Lamb of Cal-va-ry! All a-long the way to oth-ers
Is-ra-el advance in proud array; Hark! the bu-gle notes of the mil-
glory now il'-lu-mi-nate the sky; Might-y songs of triumph from the

telling out the story—"Jesus lives, He lives! behold the year of ju-bi-lee."
len-ni-um is near-ing, Glory hallelujah! let us watch, and fight and pray.
Ba-bel din a-wak-ing, Herald now the glory that is coming by and by.

CHORUS.

Praise Him! Praise Him! Beautiful strains of music bring, Praise Him.
Praise Him in the highest glo-ry! Praise Him! tell the

Praise Him! Love and a-dore the King! Praise Him! Praise Him!
wondrous story! Praise Him! wave His banner o'er thee,

for-ev-er,

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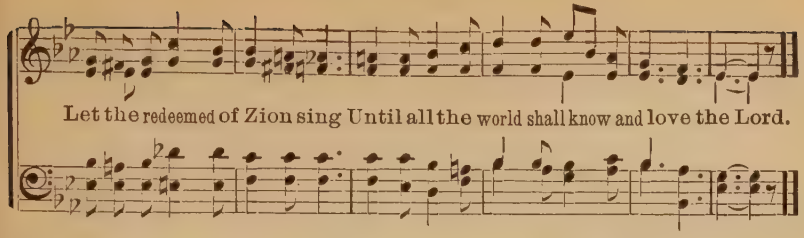
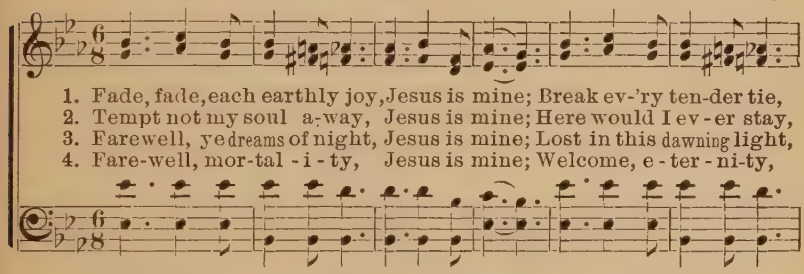
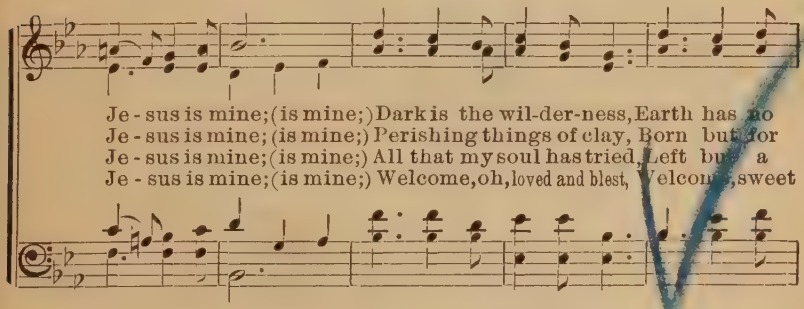


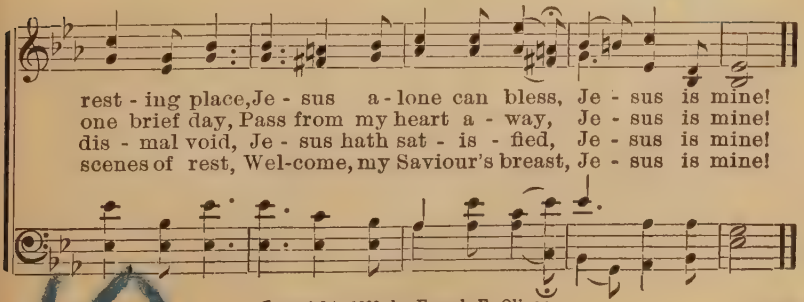

## No. 143. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Col. 3: 2.

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. 1843. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

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146

# No. 144. Immanuel, Prince of Peace.

Acts. 5: 31.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth never cease,
2. When I, a lisp-ing in-fant, lay Up-on my mother's knee,
3. Oh, song of songs, that grows sublime As on-ward roll the years;

Of Him who died for sin-ful men: Im-man-uel, Prince of Peace.
She told me in the twilight gray, How Je-sus died for me;
Oh, sto-ry wov-en in-to rhyme, That melts the heart to tears;

The peer-less One of all the throng Who've walked our earthly sod;
She sang a song of heav'nly God I nev-er can for-get;
I love, I love to hear the song, It fills my soul with joy.

The sweetest name that lives in song: Christ Je-sus, Son of God.
And tho' she sleeps beneath the sod, Her song is liv-ing yet.
To Him all songs of praise be-long Which mor-tal tongues employ.

CHORUS.

Oh, sing that song to me a-gain, Whose charm doth nev-er cease.

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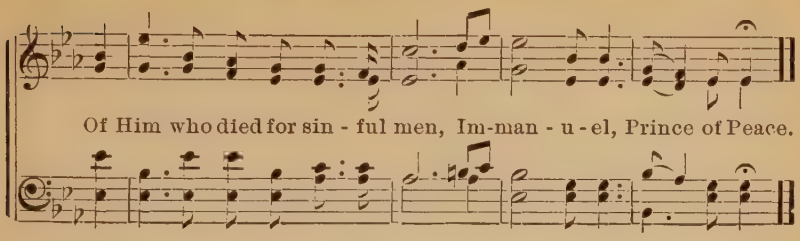
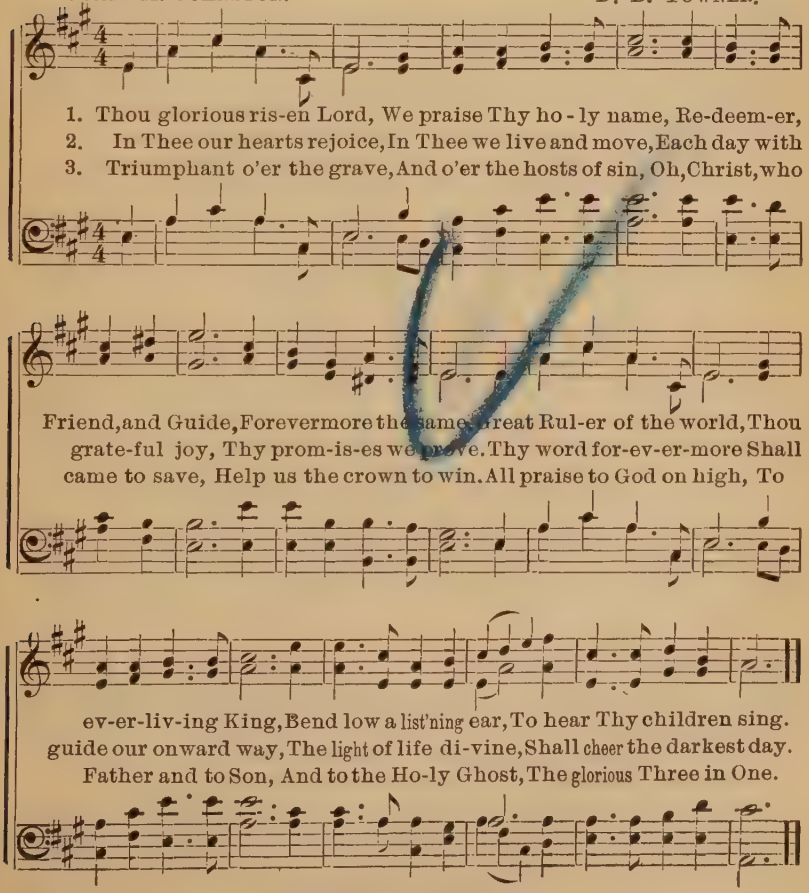



## No. 145. Thou Ever-Living King.

"He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7: 25.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

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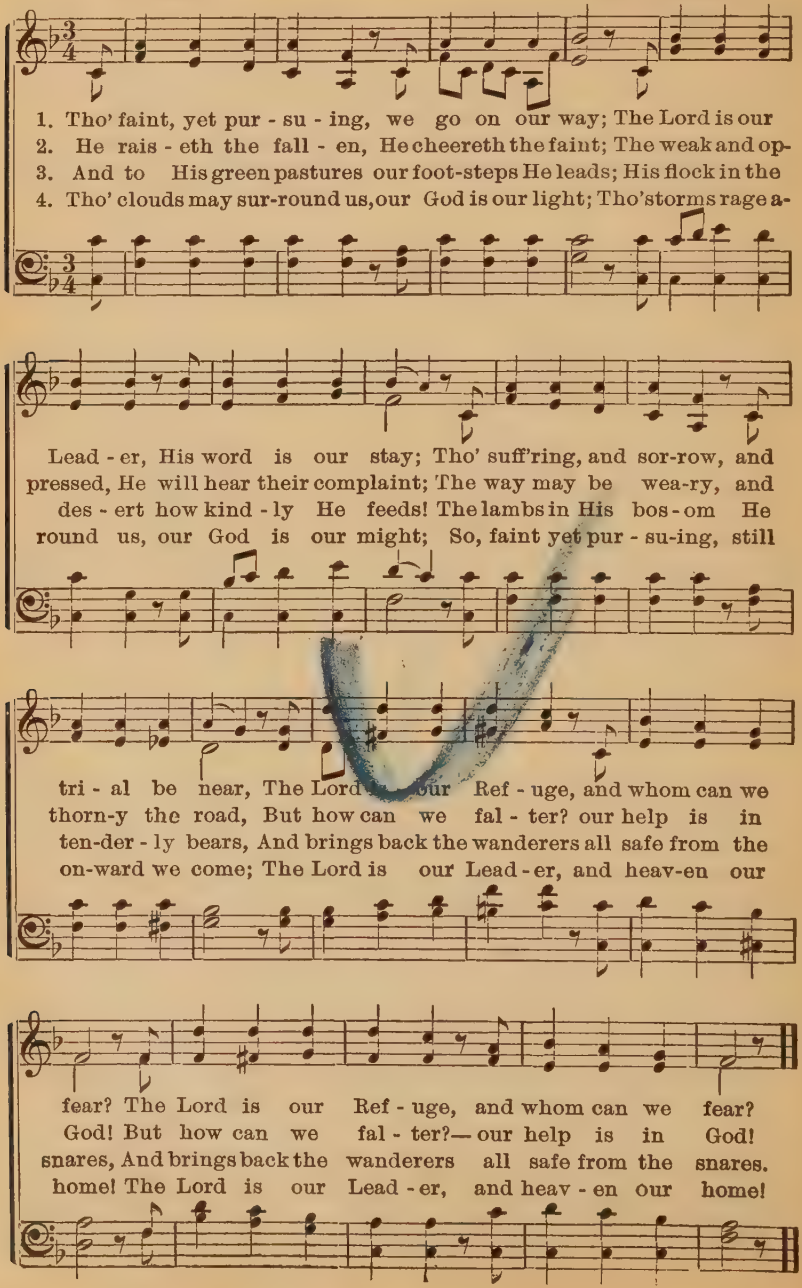
148

## No. 146. The Lord is Our Leader.

"But the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Dan. 11:32.

JOHN N. DARBY. THOS. KOSCHAT.



# No. 147. Arise and Shine.

Isa. 60: 1.

CARRIE E. BRECK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" The Lord hath made thee free!
2. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" Let sin and sor-row hide.
3. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" Thy God thy glo-ry is;
4. "A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" And night shall be no more;

The chains of darkness bind no more. Go forth in lib - er - ty!
Go forth and show to all the world That Light and Life a - bide.
Show forth the wonders of His love, And let all praise be His.
Shine till the glo - ry of the Lord Is known from shore to shore.

CHORUS.

"A-rise and shine! thy light is come!" A-rise, a-rise and shine! With

love's bright adorning, Shine forth as the morning, A-rise, a-rise and shine!

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150

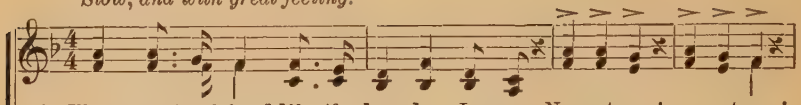
**No. 148.**

# No, Not One!

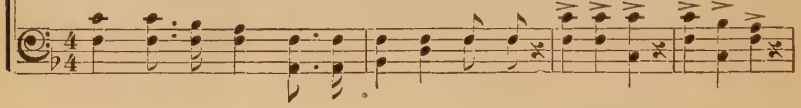
Prov. 18: 24.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

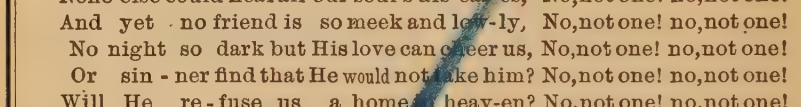
*Slow, and with great feeling.*



1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Saviour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

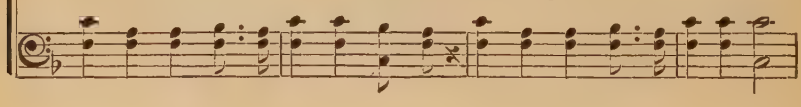


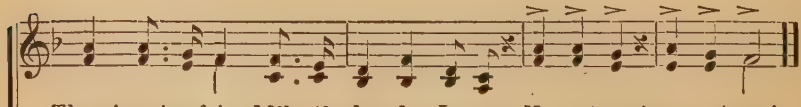
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!



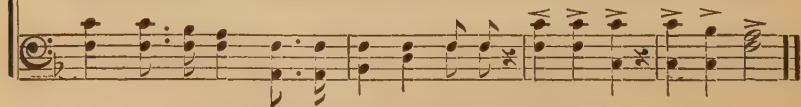
CHORUS.

Je-sus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done.





There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!



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No. 149.

# The Better Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly. Heb. 11: 16

GURDON ROBINS. Arr. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In visions of enraptured tho't,
2. A land up-on whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross the calm, serene a - bode.

So bright, that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glories fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a-gain.
It hath no need of suns to rise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find Within the par-a - dise of God.

CHORUS.

Oh, land of love, of joy and light, Thy glories
Oh, land of love, of joy and light,

gild earth's darkest night; Thy tranquil shore
Thy glories gild earth's darkest night, (earth's darkest night); Thy tranquil shore,

we, too, shall see, When day shall break and shadows flee.
we, too, shall see, When day shall break

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152

No. 150.

# My Mother's Bible.

Psalm 119: 11.

Evangelist M. B. Williams. Charlie D. Tillman.

Duet.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' its worn and faded now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those mighty men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls those hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee,
Jos - eph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da - vid bold,
suffered, bled and died up-on the tree; Of His heavy load of care,
dear old book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand upon my bro[illegible], And I hear her voice in gentle tones and low.
Who became a king at last; Of Satan with His many wicked wiles.
Then she dried my flowing tears With her kisses as she said it was for me.
As my mother taught me the[illegible] And [illegible]-er in my heart His words abide.

Chorus.

Bless-ed book, ... pre-cious book,... On thy dear old tear-stained

Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,

leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweeter day by day, As I

love to look:

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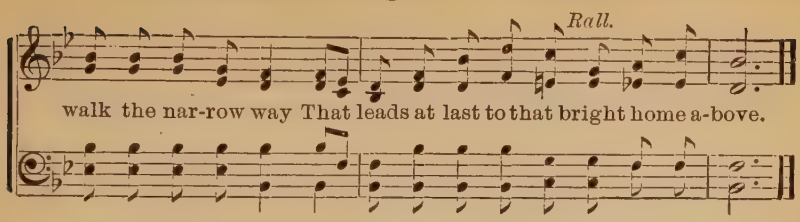
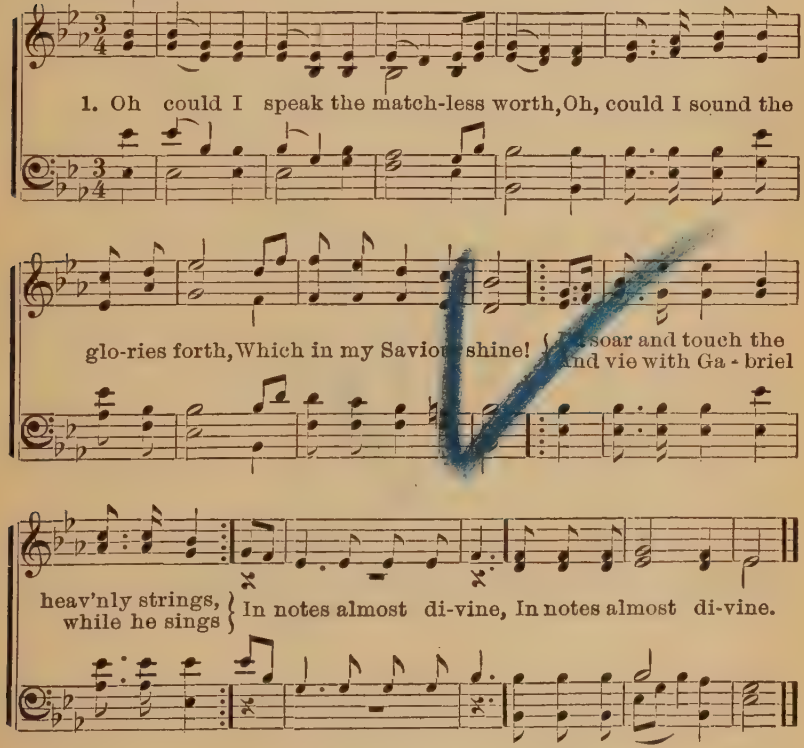
# My Mother's Bible.—Concluded.




## No. 151. Oh, Could I Speak.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. LOWELL MASON.




2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:
In loftiest of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well—the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face:
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

## No. 152. There is a Blessed Harbor.

"The Lord will be the Place of repair, or Harbor for His People. Joel 3: 16. (Margin.)

FLORA KIRKLAND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a blessed har - bor, For ev - 'ry storm-tossed soul,
2. O dear and blessed shel - ter! O ha - ven of the soul!
3. The Lord, who of - fers shel - ter, Who will thy life re - pair;
4. Till then, in calm o - be-dience I want to trust in Him.

No an - gry winds can en - ter, No dash-ing bil-lows roll,
O place for God's re - pair - ing! O place to be made whole!
Is *in Him - self* that shel - ter, Is *in Him - self* that care.
In all my brightest mo-ments, And when my joys grow dim.

But peace in ful - lest meas - ure, And rest most dear, most calm,
I fain would seek that ref - uge, My bark is tem - pest - tossed.
I can - not un - der-stand it! But, yon - der on His throne
I *know* that He who prom - ised Will keep His word with me.

And strength for ev - 'ry weak - ness, For ev - 'ry an - guish balm.
The storms of life sur-round me A - lone! I should be lost!
I'll see my Lord, my Ref - uge! I'll know, as I am known.
My Lord will be my Har - bor, Un - til His face I see.

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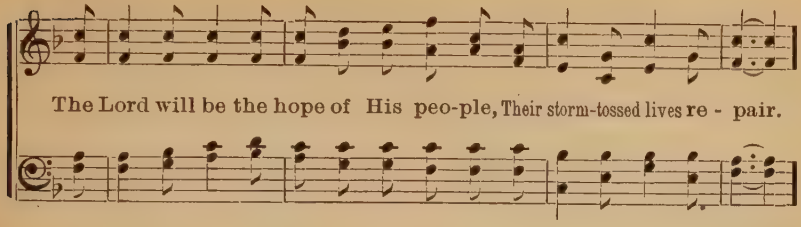
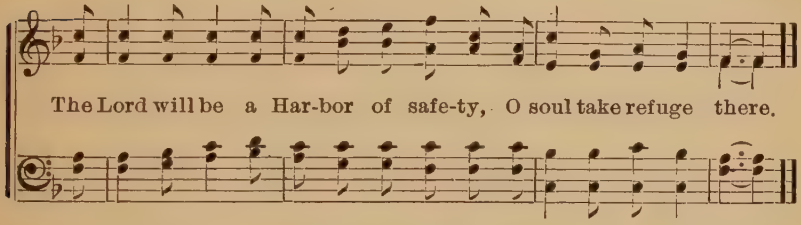
# There is a Blessed Harbor.—Concluded.

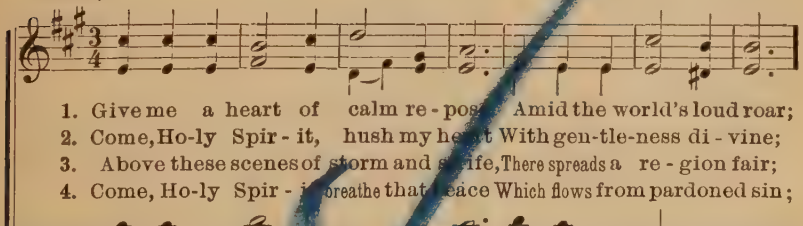
CHORUS.

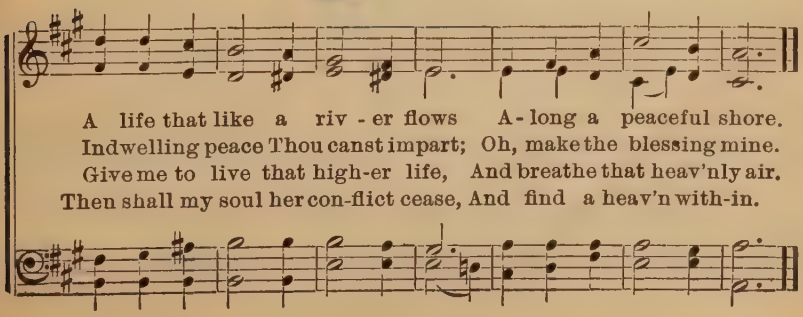



## No. 153. Give Me a Heart of Calm Repose.

Anon, JOHN B. DYKES.



156

# No. 154. I Have Kept the Faith.

"I have kept the faith." II Tim. 4: 7.

ELIZABETH M. CLARK. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

1. Thro' all the brightness of life's glad day, Thro' all dark scenes of the
2. In the front ranks let our place be found, Where the most sorrow and
3. Lord, where Thou leadest, we gladly go, Fear-less and dauntless, to

bat-tle's fray; Tell-ing the pow'r of our Christ to save, True to the
sin a-bound; Where we are need-ed, in ev - 'ry land, True to the
face the foe; By Thine own love from sin's pow'r set free, True to the

CHORUS.

faith! let our col-ors wave.
faith! may our banner stand.
faith! shall our standard be.
True..... to the faith, when the
True to the faith, true to the faith, when the

storm is high, True.... to the faith, when de-
storm, the storm is rag-ing high, True to the faith, true to the faith, when de-

feat seems nigh; True ... to the faith! be our
feat, de - feat seems nigh; True to the faith, true to the faith be our

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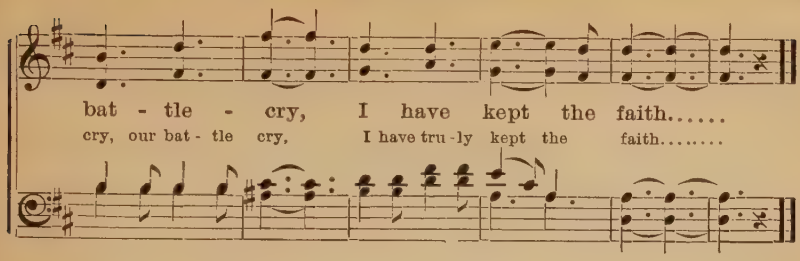
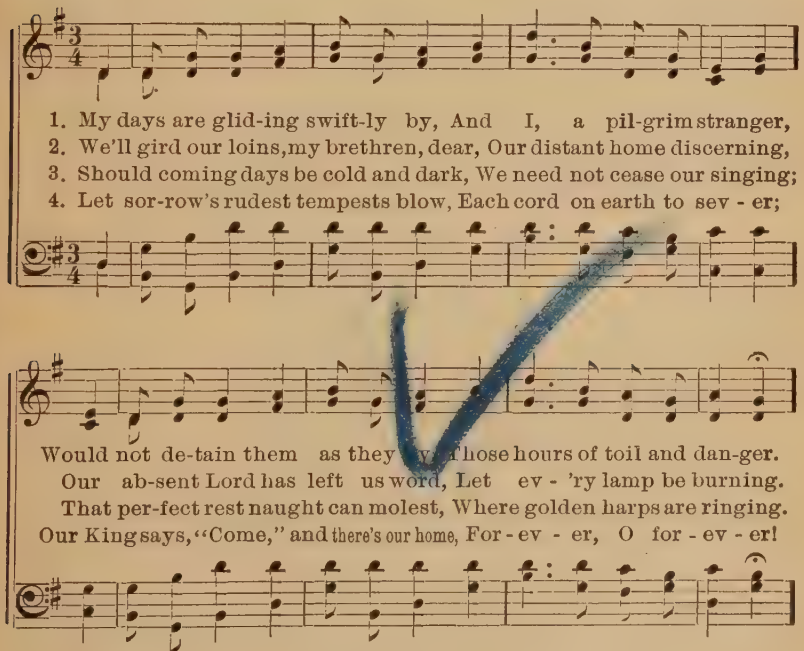
# I Have Kept the Faith.—Concluded.

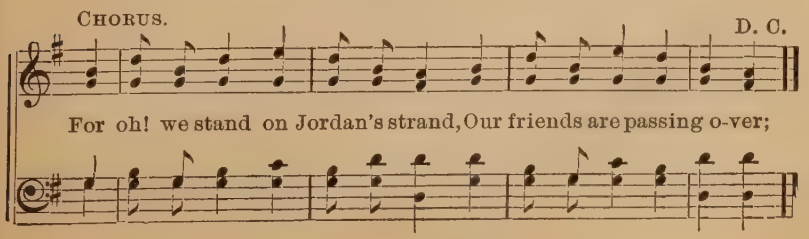



## No. 155. The Shining Shore.

G. F. Root.




Chorus.



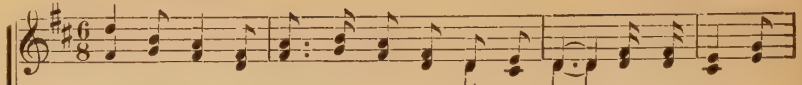
158

No. 156.

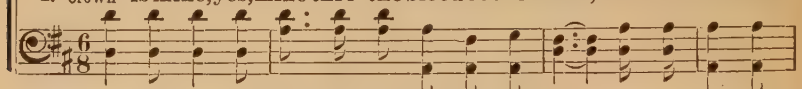
# Life is Mine.

I John 5: 2.

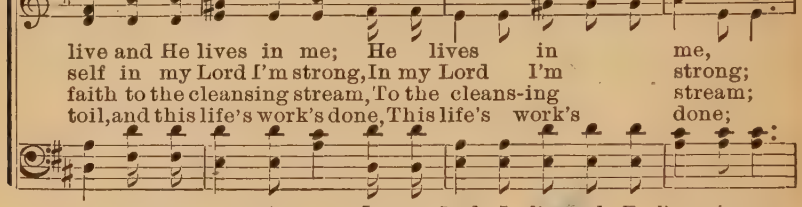
Rev. E. G. Wesley. D. B. Towner.



1. Life is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, In my Lord I
2. Strength is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, Tho' so weak in
3. Peace is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, since I came in
4. Crown is mine, yes, mine thro' the blood of the Lamb, When no more earth's

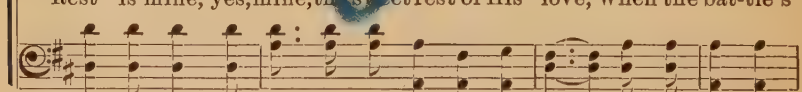


live and He lives in me; He lives in me,
self in my Lord I'm strong, In my Lord I'm strong;
faith to the cleansing stream, To the cleans-ing stream;
toil, and this life's work's done, This life's work's done;

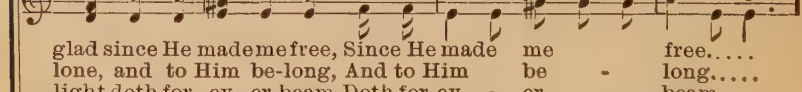


In my Lord I live, and He lives in me;
Tho' so weak in self, in my Lord I'm strong;
Since I came in faith to the cleansing stream;
When no more earth's toil, and this life's work's done;

Faith is mine, yes, mine, for in Him I be - lieve, And my heart is
Love is mine, yes, mine, pure and free from my Lord, I am His a-
Joy is mine, yes, mine, all His joy is mine own, On my path His
Rest is mine, yes, mine, the sweet rest of His love, When the bat-tle's



glad since He made me free, Since He made me free.....
lone, and to Him be-long, And to Him be - long.....
light doth for - ev - er beam, Doth for-ev - er beam....
o'er and the vic-t'ry won, The vic - t'ry won.....



And my heart is glad since He made me free.
I am His a - lone, and to Him be-long.
On my path His light doth for - ev - er beam.
When the bat - tle's o'er, and the vic - t'ry won.

Copyright, 1896, by D. B. Towner.

# Life is Mine.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Life is mine, faith is mine, strength is mine, Love is
Life is mine, faith is mine,

mine thro' the blood of the Lamb; Peace is mine, joy is
Peace is mine,

mine, crown is mine, Rest is mine thro' the blood of the Lamb.
joy is mine,

## No. 157. State Street.

(Suitable for Communion Service.)

CHARLES WESLEY. JONATHAN C. WOODMAN.

1. Je - sus, we thus o - bey Thy last and kind-est word, And
2. Thus we re-mem-ber Thee, And take this bread and wine As
3. Now let our souls be fed With man - na from a - bove, And

in Thine own ap - point-ed way We come to meet Thee, Lord!
Thine own dy - ing leg - a - cy, And our re-demp -tion's sign.
o - ver us Thy banner spread Of ev - er - last - ing love.

160

# No. 158. Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Isa. 27: 3.

D. W. WHITTLE. MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck-oned mine; Liv-ing with
2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a
3. Nev-er a heart-ache and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a
4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a

Je - sus, A new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus till
bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that
tear-drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but
sick-ness that He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in

glo - ry doth shine, Moment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
He doth not share, Moment by mo-ment I'm un-der His care.
there on the throne, Moment by mo-ment He thinks of His own.
woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, a - bides with me still.

CHORUS.

Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by

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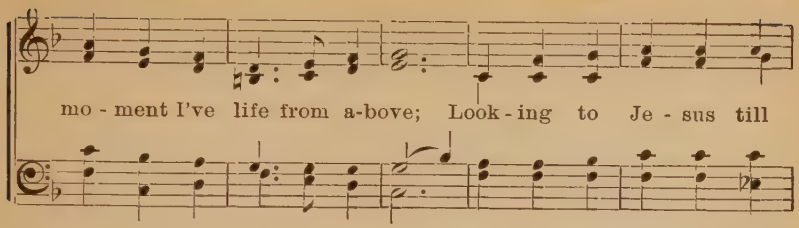
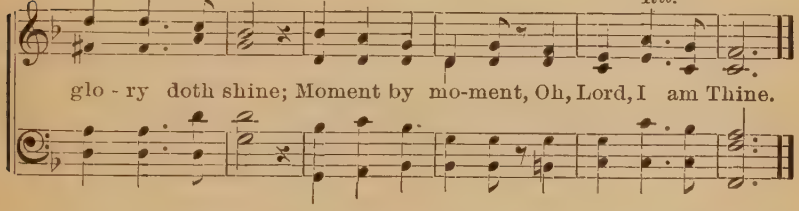
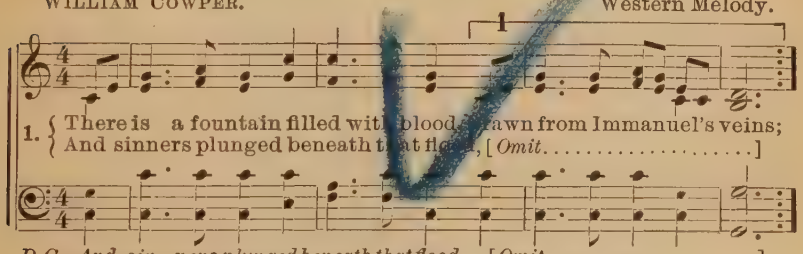
# Moment by Moment.—Concluded.

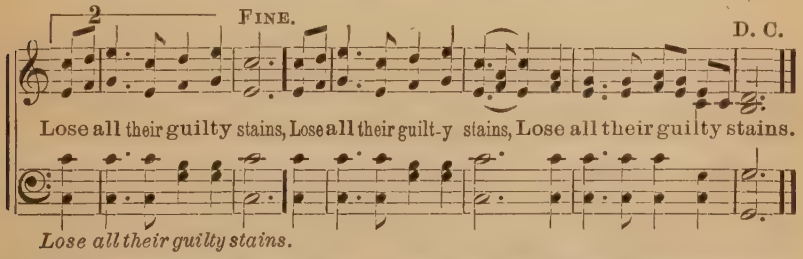



## No. 159. There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

WILLIAM COWPER. Western Melody.




2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

162

No. 160.

# Are You a Reaper.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. John 4: 35. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Lift up your eyes to the fields that are whitening, Hark! 'tis the voice of the Mas - ter and Lord; See! on each side there is
2. Look on the fields how the har - vest is wast - ing, Wait - ing for reap - ers to gar - ner it in; He that is faith - ful, re-
3. Souls that are read - y to en - ter the king - dom, Wait for the glad in - vi - ta - tion to - day; "Go ye and tell," is the
4. Reap for His glo - ry in fields that are near - est, Look all a- broad, for the har - vest is white; O'er the wide earth are the work for the reap - er, Sheaves that are golden shall be the re - ward.
ceiv - eth his wa - ges; Joy ev - er - last - ing the reap-er shall win.
word of the Mas - ter, Serv-ant of Je - sus, oh, hear and o - bey.
sheaves to be gar-nered, Hast-en, O reap - er, fast com-eth the night.

CHORUS.

Are you a reap-er? Are you a reap-er, Gath - - er - ing Gath-er-ing, gath-er-ing

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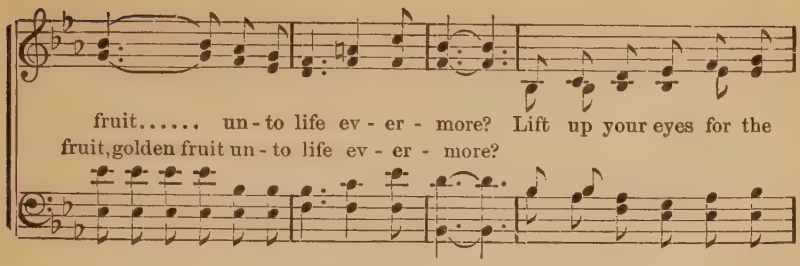
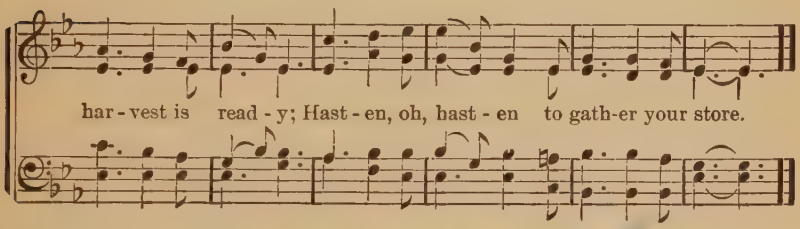
# Are You a Reaper.—Concluded.

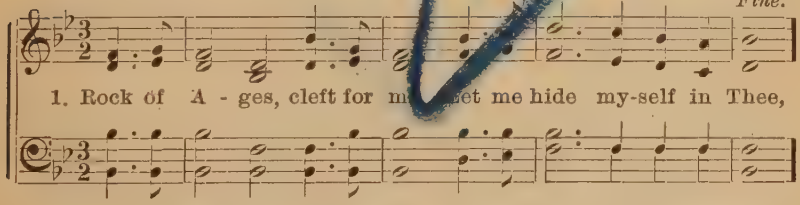



## No. 161. Rock of Ages.

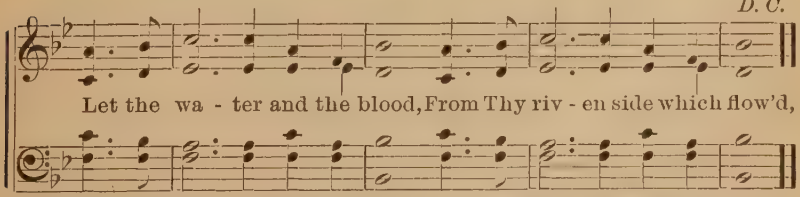
A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

*Fine.*




*D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from it's guilt and pow'r.*

*D. C.*




2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demand;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

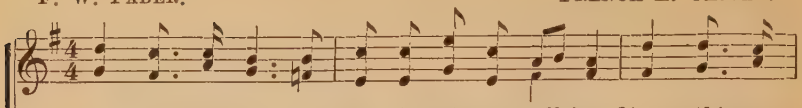
164

No. 162.

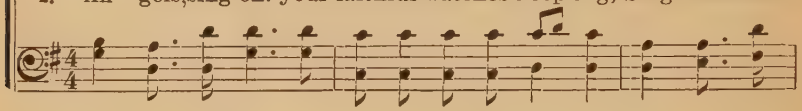
# Hark! Hark, my Soul.

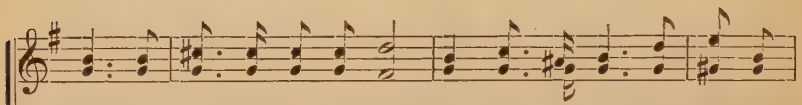
"To give light to them that sit in darkness." Luke 1: 79.

F. W. FABER. FRENCH E. OLIVER.

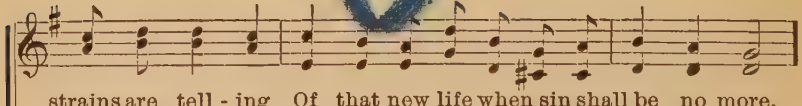


1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic voic-es swell-ing O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev-'ning pealing, The voice of
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet

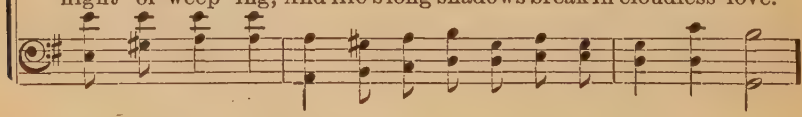




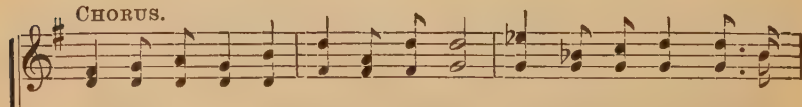
fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed
souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark its ech - oes
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousand,
frag-ments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the



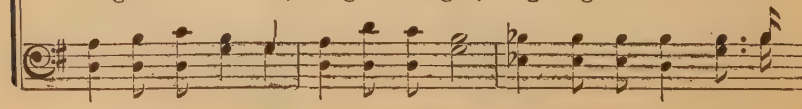
strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



CHORUS.



An-gels of Je - sus, an-gels of light, Sing - ing to wel-come the



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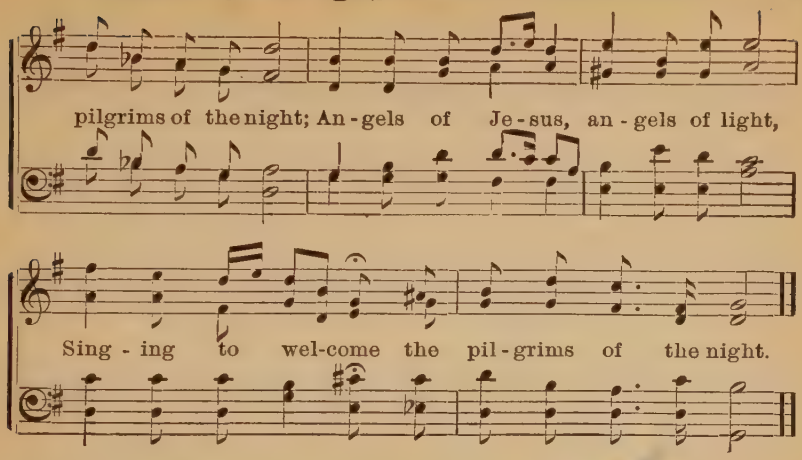
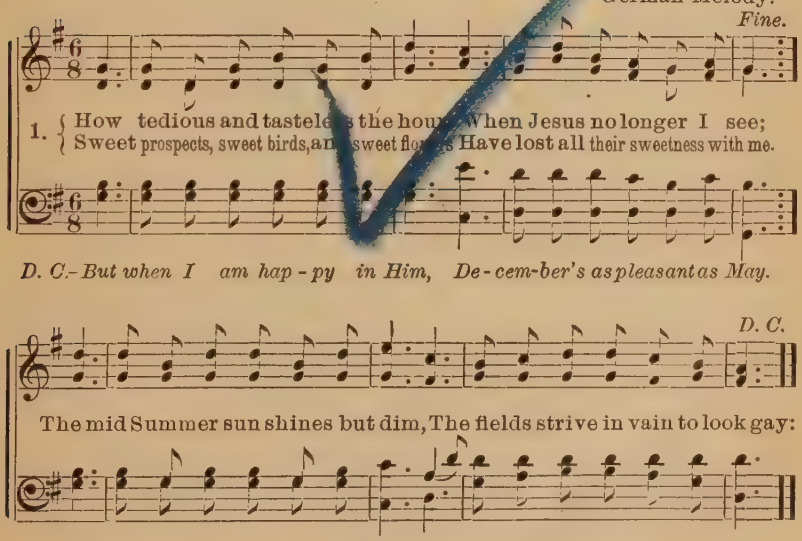
# Hark! Hark, My Soul!—Concluded.




## No. 163. How Tedious and Tasteless.

German Melody.




2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

166

No. 164.

# Man the Life-Boat.

James 5: 20.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Man the life-boat! quick, my broth-er, Send it speed-ing o'er the wave;
2. Man the life-boat! to the res-cue! Hast-en, hast-en on your way,
3. Man the life-boat! struggling sea-men Bat-tle now with rag-ing wave;
4. Man the life-boat! God will aid you; Out a-cross life's storm-tossed wave,

If you hast-en to the res-cue, Some poor sail-or you may save,
With the bea-con lights to guide you From the wreck you can not stray;
See! they cling to spar and tim-ber, Precious lives your hand can save,
Wrecks the wa-ters dark are strewing, On them some whom you can save;

Sink-ing fast in sin's dark wa-ters, Helpless 'mid the break-ers high,
Speed a-way! the ship is sink-ing, Go and work 'mid scenes of woe;
Leaps the an-gry surge a-bout them, As to drown their pleading cry.
Car-ry quick the cups of com-fort, Pick them up in Je-sus' name.

Man the life-boat! quick, oh, hast-en, To the res-cue, ere they die.
Man the life-boat! nerve for ac-tion! To the res-cue, broth-er, go.
Man the life-boat! flash your sig-nal! Let them know that help is nigh.
Man the life-boat! res-cue some one, From the wreck some soul reclaim.

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# Man the Life-Boat.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A-way! a-way! God's spirit speed you, Res-cue some poor soul to-day!

A-way! A-way! God's spirit lead you To the res-cue, speed a-way.

## No. 165. All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. E. M. HALL. Alt. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Come to me—I'll be thy stay, Find in me thine all in all.
2. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—Jesus died my soul to save, And bless-ed be His name.
3. When from my dying bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, "Jesus died my soul to save," Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
4. And when, before the throne, I stand in him com-plete, "Jesus died my soul to save," My lips shall still re-peat.

CHORUS.

Je-sus died for me, All to Him I owe—Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

# No. 166. Sweeping through the Gates.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut." Rev. 21: 25.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. Moore.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been washed in Je-sus' blood,
2. Oh, the bless - ed Lord of light Now up-holds me by His might,
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless-ed for me wait,
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar beyond the stars,

I am watch-ing and I'm long - ing while I wait; Soon on
And His arms en - fold and com - fort while I wait; I am
Where the wea-ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more; Where the
To my Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate; Lo! the

*D. S.—In the*

wings of love I'll fly, To a home be - yond the sky, To my
lean - ing on His breast; Oh, the sweetness of this rest! Hal - le -
strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won, Oh, the
morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes, Washed in

*blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Washed from ev - 'ry stain I am, Hal - le-*

FINE. CHORUS.

welcome as I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.
lu - jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the gates.
glo - ry of that cit - y just be-fore.
Jesus' blood, I'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

Sweep - ing thro' the
Sweeping thro' the gates, Yes I'm

*lu-jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the gates.*

*D. S.*

gates, Sweep - ing thro' the gates.
sweep ing thro' the gates: Sweeping thro' the gates; Yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates.

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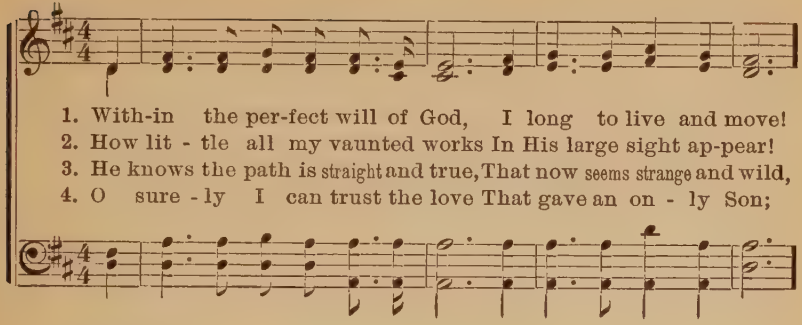
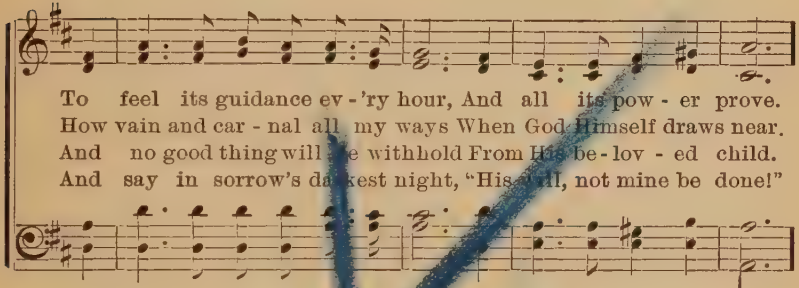
No. 167.

# The Will of God.

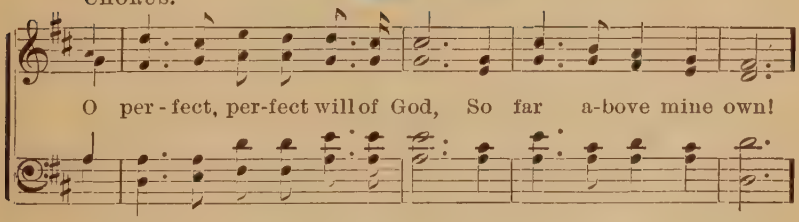
I Peter 4: 2.

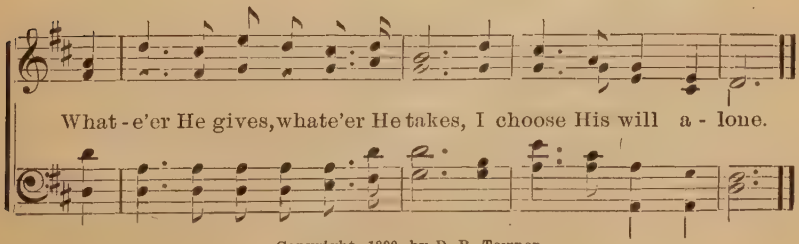
A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.




CHORUS.

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# No. 168. Ready When the Call is Heard.

John 11: 28.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

*Moderato.*

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus, call-ing from on high, Who to - day will
2. Joy - ful - ly o - bey Him, do not fear to fall, His command is
3. Ring - ing thro' the si-lence, comes the cry of need, Souls of those who

an-swer, "Mast - er, here am I!" Out up - on the high-way.
roy - al, He is Lord of all. Oth - er voic - es call - ing,
per - ish, in the dark-ness plead, God is call - ing, call - ing,

there is work to do. Tho' the need is pressing, la - bor - ers are few.
lure the heart a - way, List to "Je - sus on - ly," fol-low Him to - day.
hear His tender plea, Who will say with gladness, "Here am I, send me?"

CHORUS.

Who to - day is read - y, With a purpose steady, Will-ing now to

fol - low at His word? Du - ty lies be-fore us, God is watching

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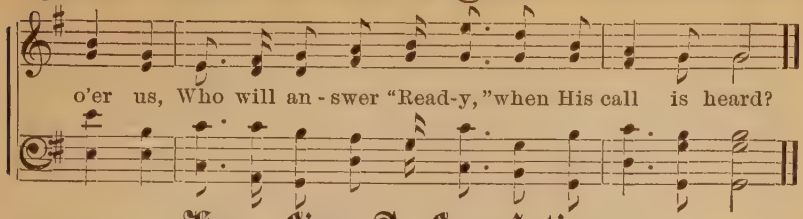
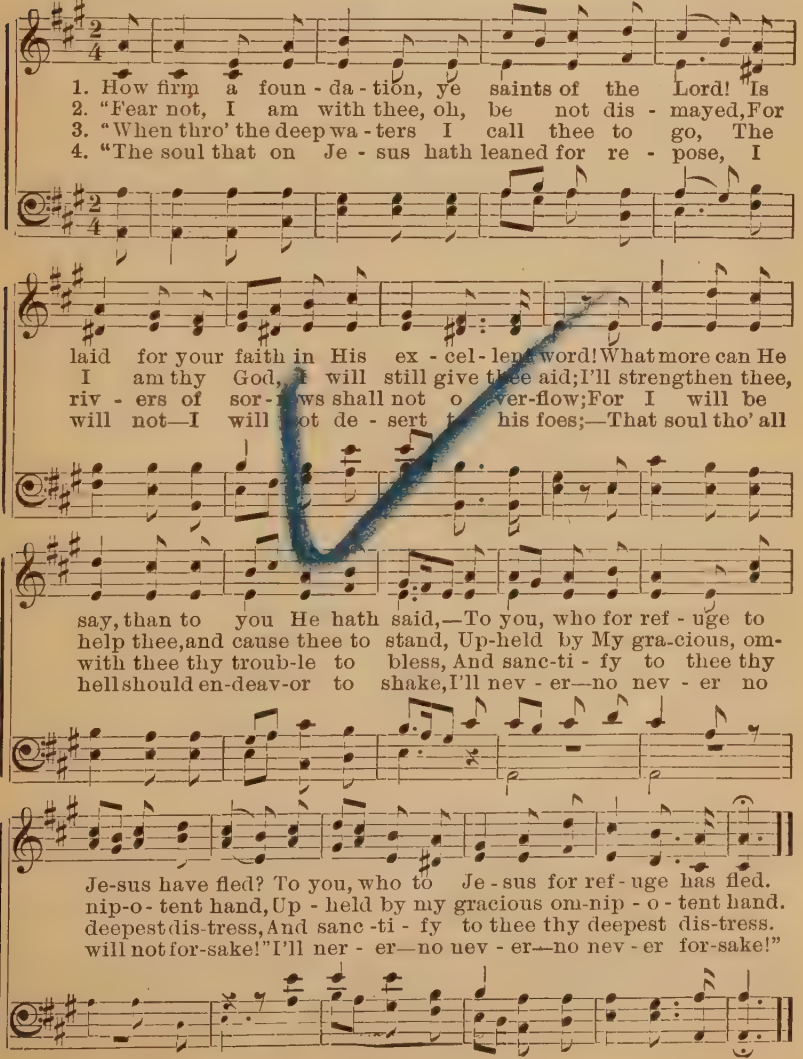



## No. 169. How Firm A Foundation.

G. Keith. M. Portogallo.



172

# No. 170. Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY. By per.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. On the bo-som of the riv - er, Where the Saviour King we own,
4. Soon we 'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;

With its crystal tide for - ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?
We shall walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
We shall meet and sorrow nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Soon our happy hearts will quiv-er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

*p*

Yes, we 'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-tiful, the beauti-ful riv - er,

Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows from the throne of God.

# No. 171. God Bless You.

"The blessing of the Lord be upon thee." Psalm 129:8.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. God bless you till we meet a - gain, And gen - tly hide you
2. 'Tis sweet to min - gle here be - low, In pray'r and praise with
3. There is a bright-er, rich - er thought, That tin - ges life with

'neath His wing, Then may your hours be filled with song, While in your
grate-ful song, 'Tis sweet our fel - low-ship to know, And to God's
pur-est gold, Some day we'll meet to part no more; Some day we'll

CHORUS.

hearts His prais-es sing.
peo-ple here be-long. God bless you, God bless you, Bless and
join the heav'nly fold. God keep and bless you, God keep and bless you,

keep you till we meet a - gain. God
Keep you till we meet a - gain. Keep and

bless you, God bless you, Bless and keep you till we meet a-gain.
bless you, God keep and bless you,

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174

No. 172.

# Sing to Jehovah.

Psalm 98.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sing a new song to Je - ho-vah, For the wonders He hath wro't;
2. Lo, Je - ho - vah His sal - va-tion Hath to all the world made known;
3. Sound the trumpet and the cornet, Shout before the Lord, the King;
4. Let the riv-ers in their gladness Clap their hands with one accord;

His right hand and arm most ho-ly, Vic - to - ry to Him hath bro't.
In the sight of ev -'ry na-tion He His righteousness hath shown.
Sea and all its full-ness thunder; Earth and all its peo-ple sing.
Let the mountains sing together, And re-joice be-fore the Lord.

CHORUS.

All the earth ..... sing to Je - ho - vah shout a-
All the earth sing to Je - ho-vah, to Je - ho - vah,

loud..... sing and re - joice, With the
Shout a - loud, sing and re - joice, sing and re - joice,

harp..... sing to Je - ho - - - vah,
With the harp, sing to Je - ho - vah, to Je - ho - vah

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# Sing to Jehovah.—Concluded.

*Rall.*

With the harp..... and tuneful voice.
With the harp, with the harp and tune-ful voice, and tune-ful voice.

## No. 173. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.

1. { From Greenland's i-cy mountains, From India's cor-al strand, }
{ Where Af-ric's sun-ny fount-ains [*Omit*..... ..... } Roll

down their golden sand; From many an ancient riv-er, From many a

palmy plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

176

No. 174.

# The Lost Found.

"Doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray." Matt. 18: 12.

MARY IRENE MCLEAN. A. F. MYERS.

*Spirited.*

1. The shepherd who misses a sheep from the fold, Re-gard-less of dan-ger or cost, Will search on the mountains all night in the cold,
2. And when he has found it his joy is so deep, Tho' wea-ry and hun-gry and cold, He ten-der-ly lifts in his arms the poor sheep,
3. Tho' wet with the dews of the night are his locks, And dark are the wa-ters he cross'd, How blithely he sings when in sight of his flocks,

CHORUS.

To res-cue the sheep that is lost. } There's joy.....
And car-ries it back to the fold. }
"I've bro't back the sheep that was lost." } There's joy 'mong the an-gels, there's
..... ..... ..... in heav'n ..... a - bove,.....
joy 'mong the an - gels, there's joy 'mong the an - gels in heav-en a-bove,

Joy, joy a - bove,..... Joy,
An - gels in heav - en are al - ways re - joic - ing, An - gels in

By Permission.

joy a - bove..... When a sin - ner re-
in heav'n are al - ways re - joic - ing When a sin - ner re - pents, there is

pents..... There's joy, joy a - bove.....
joy 'mong the an - gels, There's joy 'mong the an - gels in heav-en a - bove.

## No. 175. Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My weary eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove.

178

## No. 176. I am Satisfied with Jesus.

"For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Ps. 107: 9.

A. A. P. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I am sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day, His redeeming blood has wash'd my sins a-way; Oh, in dark Geth-sem-a-ne and on cru-el Cal-va-ry, What a-maz-ing love He show'd for such as me.
2. Sad and hopeless once I wandered all a-lone, Now He dwells with me and claims me as His own; Oh, He makes my pathway bright, For He is Himself the Light, And His presence turns to day life's darkest night.
3. Tho' the fier-y darts of Sa-tan may as-sail, O'er the shield of faith they nev-er shall pre-vail, I have giv-en Christ my all; I shall rise whene'er I fall, He will answer and de-liv-er at my call.
4. To His mercy-seat I hasten when oppress'd, For with Jesus there is per-fect peace and rest, So I take to Him in pray'r ev-'ry anxious weight of care, And I leave it, yes, I leave it with Him there.
5. I am looking un-to Je-sus ev-'ry hour, I am trusting in His faith-ful-ness and pow'r, Un-der-neath His watchful eye are the flames that pur-i-fy, I shall understand their meaning by-and-by.

CHORUS.

I am sat-is-fied, I am sat-is-fied, Ful-ly sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day; I am sat-is-fied,

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*Ad lib.*

I am sat-is-fied, Ful-ly sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day.

## No. 177. I Would Not Live Alway.

MECHLENBERG. GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay, Where storm after
2. I would not live al-way, no, welcome the tomb; Since Je-sus has
3. Who, who would live alway, a-way from His God, A-way from yon
4. Where the saints of all a-ges in har-mo-ny meet, Their Saviour and

storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lur-id mornings that
lain there I dread not its gloom; There sweet be my rest, till He
heav-en, that bliss-ful a-bode, Where riv-ers of pleas-ure flow
brethren trans-port-ed to greet, While the anthems of rap-ture un-

dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
bids me a-rise, To hail Him in tri-umph de-scend-ing the skies.
o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo-ry e-ter-nal-ly reigns.
ceas-ing-ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

No. 178.

# We're Nearing the City.

Rev. HARRY WHITE. I. H. MEREDITH.

1. We're near - ing the cit - y of which we are told;
2. Mid tri - - als and dan - gers and an - guish of soul,
3. We're cross - ing the riv - er, we're out on its tide;
4. O sin - ner, now drift - ing far out on the tide

Its walls are of jas - per, its streets are of gold;
Tho' dark be the night and the wild bil - lows roll,
The cit - - y ap - pears on the fair E - den side;
Of sin's bit - ter an - guish, in death to a - bide,

Tho' lone - ly, and drear - y, and bois - t'rous the way,
I see a light gleam - ing a - cross the dark wave,
There, an - gels are wait - ing to wel - come us home,
Turn back to the Sav - ior—for you He has died;

We'll anch - or in heav - en, with Je - sus to stay.
And Je - - sus stands wait - ing the lost ones to save.
To swell the sweet cho - rus a - round the white throne.
Come anch - or your soul in the Lamb cru - ci - fied.

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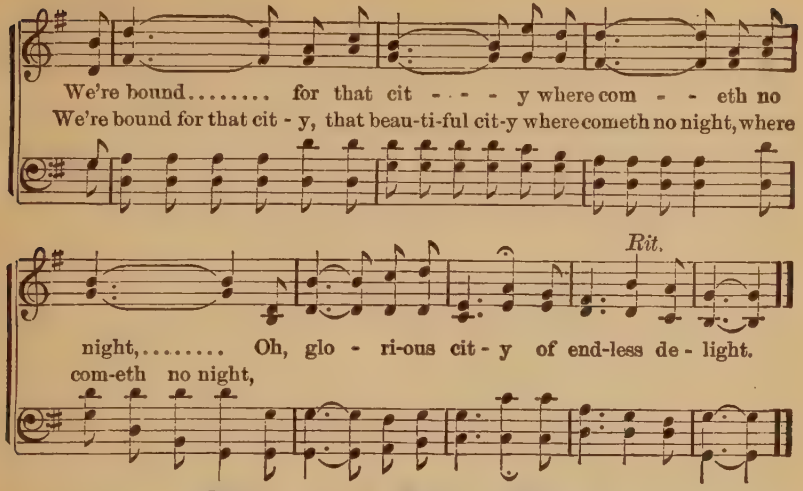
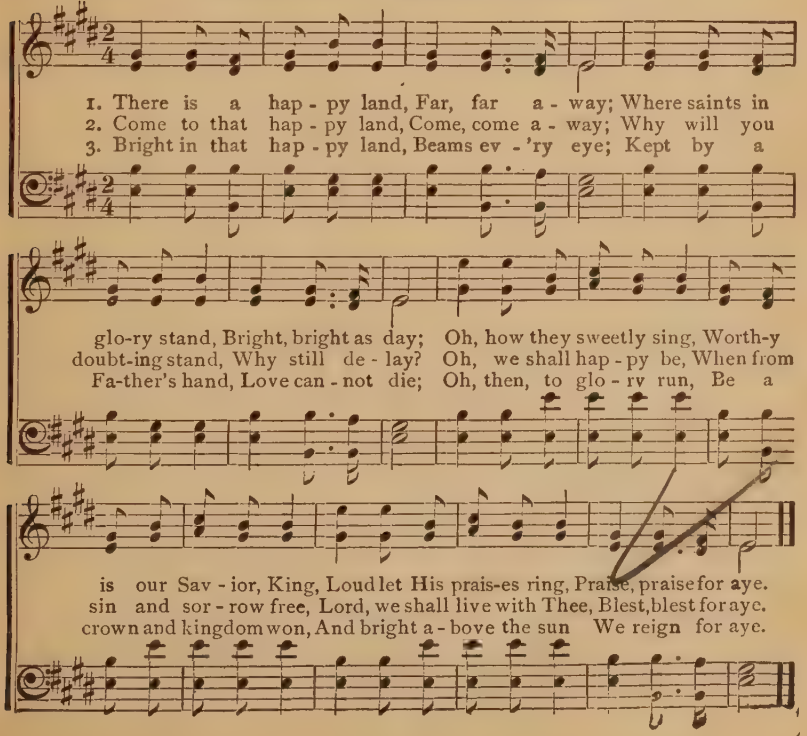
# We're Nearing the City.—Concluded.

CHORUS.




## No. 179. There is a Happy Land.



182

# No. 180. He is Guiding My Helm.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3: 6.

W. J. KENNEDY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I know that my Saviour is car-ing for me, He is guiding me on-ward o'er life's strom-y sea; Sometimes the rough billows my barque would o'erwhelm, But Je-sus is with me, He's guiding my helm.
2. In fair pleasant sail-ing, or rough stormy gale, Thro' sunshine or shad-ow, He nev-er will fail; He knows all my dan-ger, in Him help I find, A friend true and faithful, still tender and kind.
3. My poor barque, tho' fragile, a wreck ne'er will be, For Christ is my pi-lot, He still guid-eth me; His eye is still watching, His hands on the helm, Tho' high roll the billows, they cannot o'erwhelm.
4. Without my dear Saviour so lov-ing and true, With-out His sweet pres-ence, oh, what would I do; The chief 'mong ten thousand, the fair-est to me, Is Je-sus who guides me o'er life's stormy sea.

CHORUS.

He is guid-ing, guiding my helm, The storm and the bil-lows can-not o-ver-whelm, A-way from the breakers, and

He is guid-ing my helm, He is

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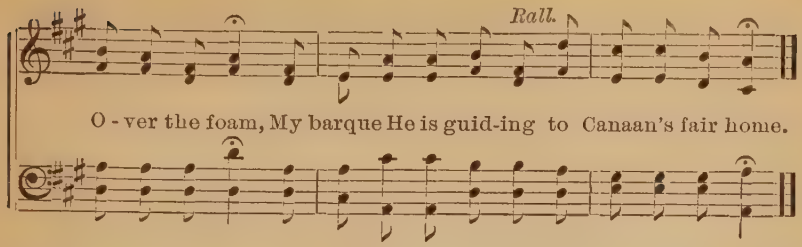
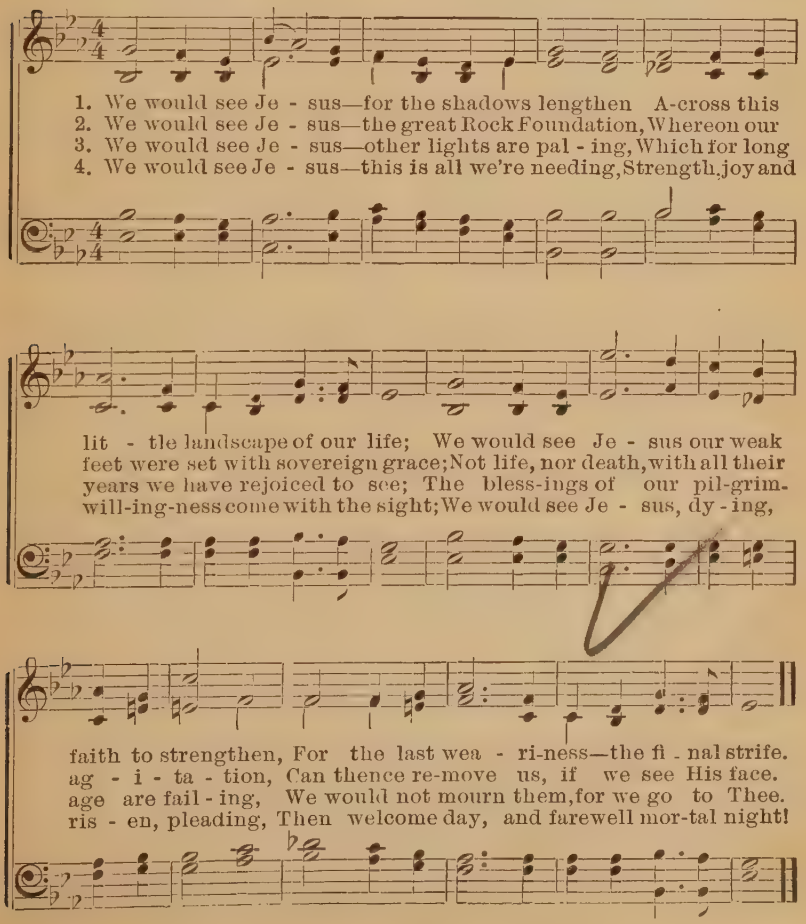



## No. 181. We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.



184

## No. 182. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

## No. 183. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed one, gives to all Won-der-ful words of life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of life.

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# Wonderful Words of Life.—Concluded.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er;

1st time. 2d time.

Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of life, life.

## No. 184. In the Christian's Home in Glory.

SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER, 1856. WM. MCDONALD, 1856.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest,
2. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
3. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri-umph as you go,

There my Saviour's gone be-fore me To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - ter I a crown of life shall wear.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en-trance thro'.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth - er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.

186

## No. 185. Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. By per-

1. "Nearer the cross," my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er, Near-er the cross from day to day. I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where Je-sus died, Nearer the fount-ain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
2. Near-er the Christian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er, Feast-ing my soul on man-na sweet, I am com-ing near-er; Strong-er in faith, more clear I see Je-sus, who gave himself for me; Near-er to him I still would be; Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am com-ing near-er, Deep-er the love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I soon shall wear; I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.

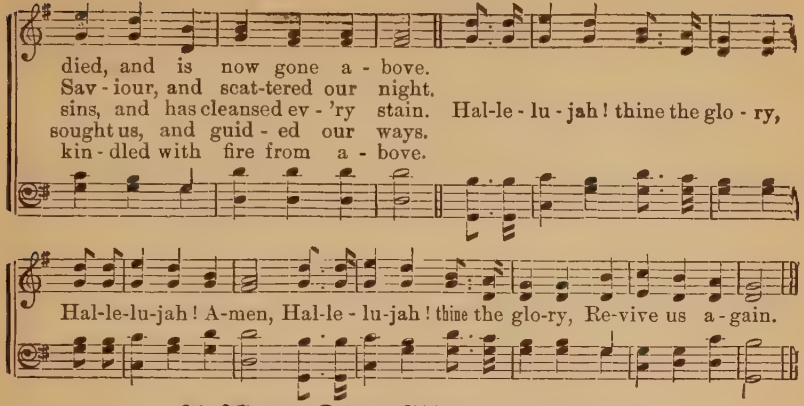
## No. 186. Revive us Again.

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay. John J. Husband,

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je-sus, who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo-ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be re-

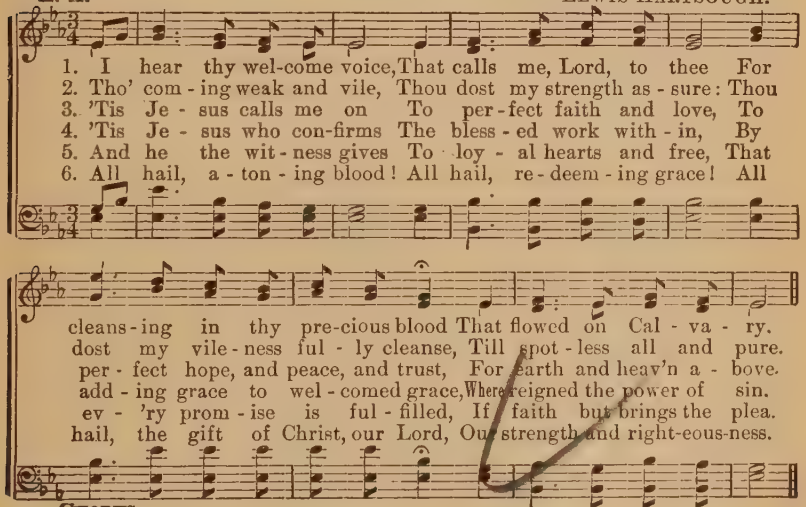
# Revive us Again.—Concluded.

CHORUS.




## No. 187. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. A. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

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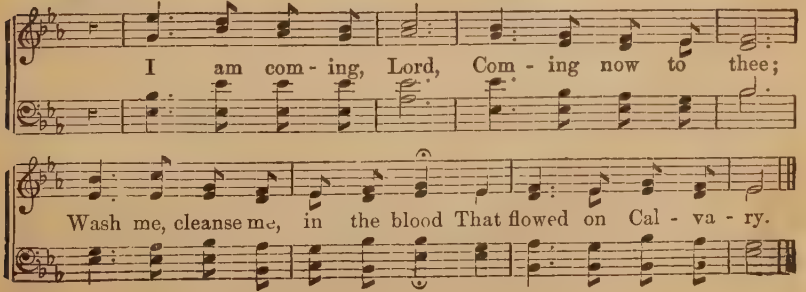


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## No. 188. Arise, my Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. LEWIS EDSON.

1. A-rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake of thy guilty fears, The bleeding sac-ri-fice
2. He ev - er lives a- bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all-re-deem-ing love,
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They pour ef-fect-ual pray'rs,
4. My God is re-con-ciled, His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for his child,

In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my sure-ty stands,
His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strong-ly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for-give, they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be-fore the throne my sure-ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For-give him, oh, forgive, they cry, Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die.
With confidence I now draw nigh, And Fa-ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry.

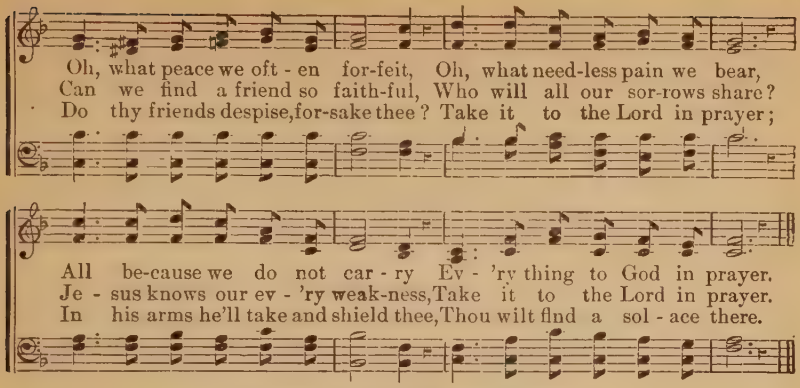
## No. 189. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble an - y- where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

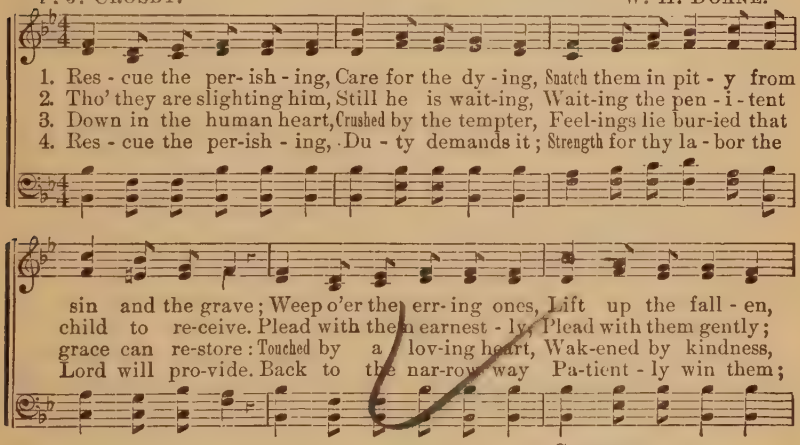
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

By permission.

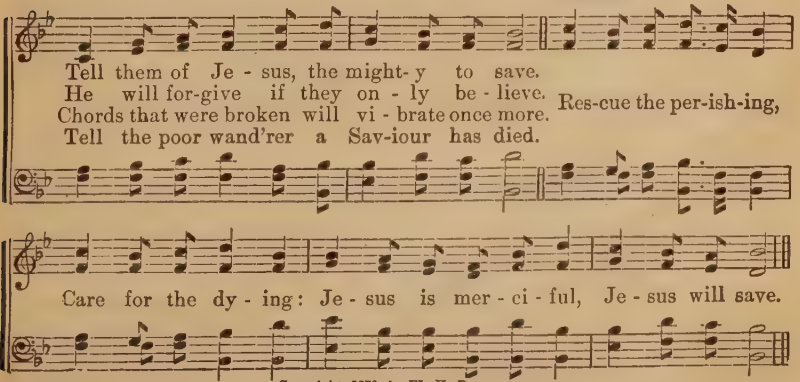



## No. 190. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.




Chorus.





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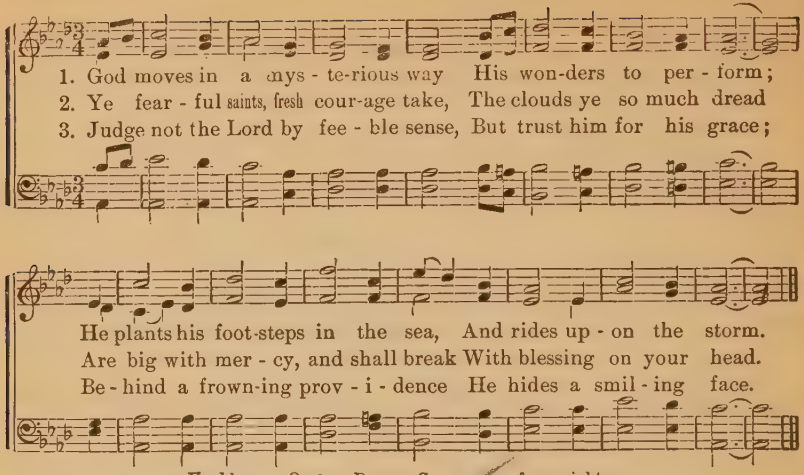
## No. 191. Manoah.

F. J. HAYDN.

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## No. 192.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

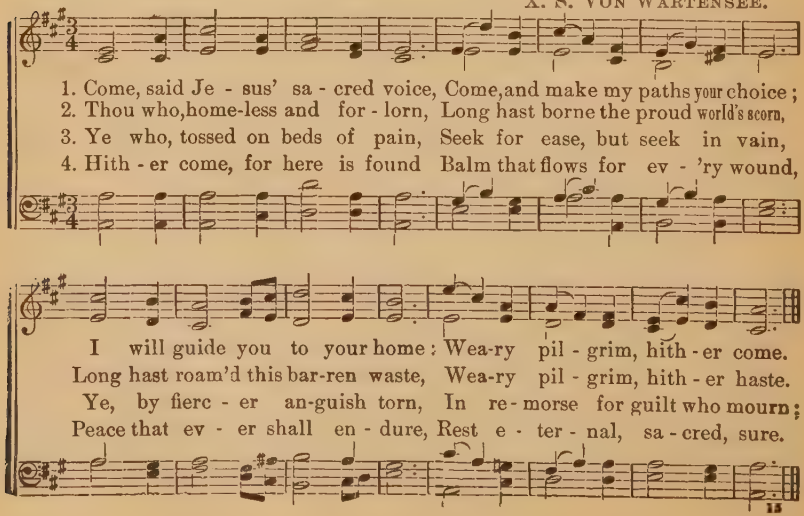
2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be;
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

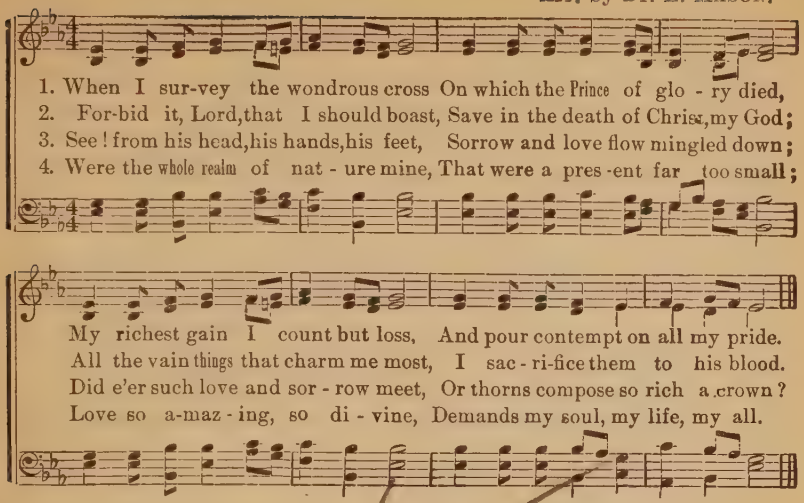
## No. 193. Norton.

X. S. VON WARTENSEE.



## No. 194. Hamburg.

Arr. by Dr. L. Mason.




## No. 195.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

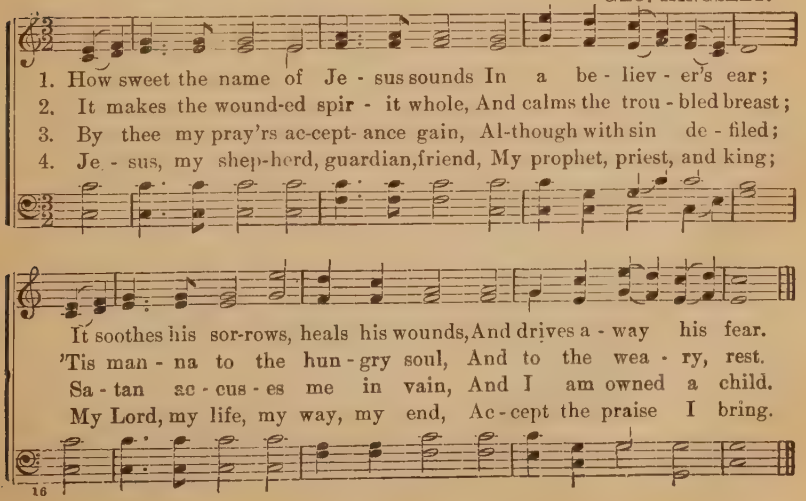
2 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

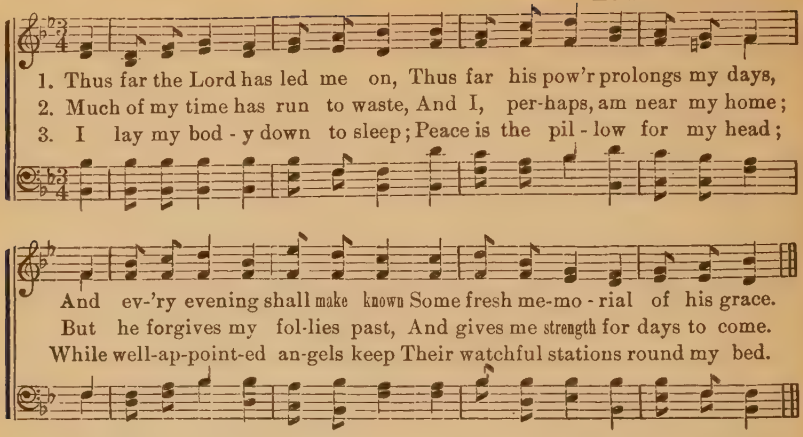
## No. 196. Ueber.

Geo. Kingsley.



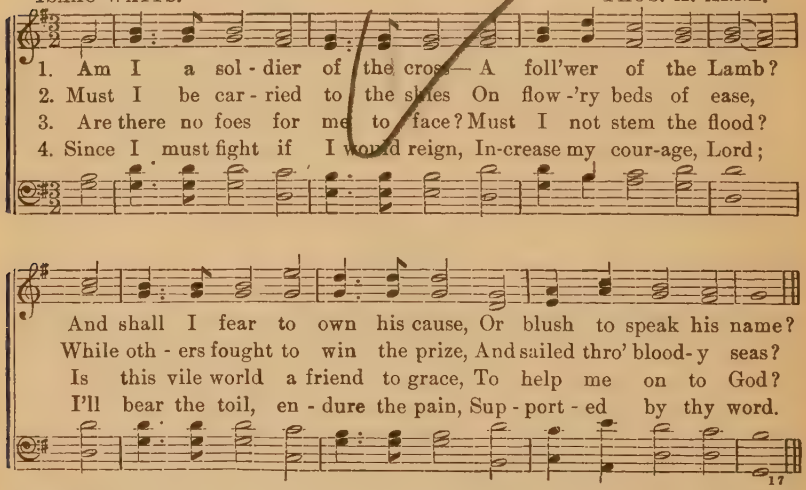
## No. 197. Hebron.

LOWELL MASON.




## No. 198. Arlington.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.






## No. 199.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

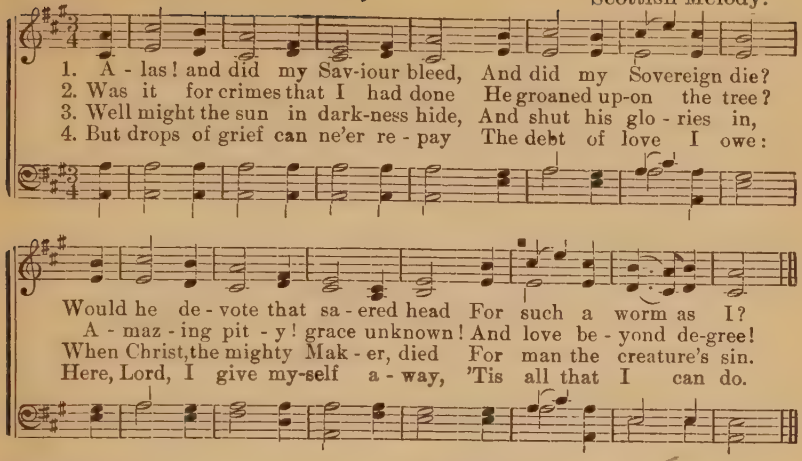
3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues.
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

## No. 200. Paterma.

Scottish Melody.




## No. 201.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

4 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

## No. 202.

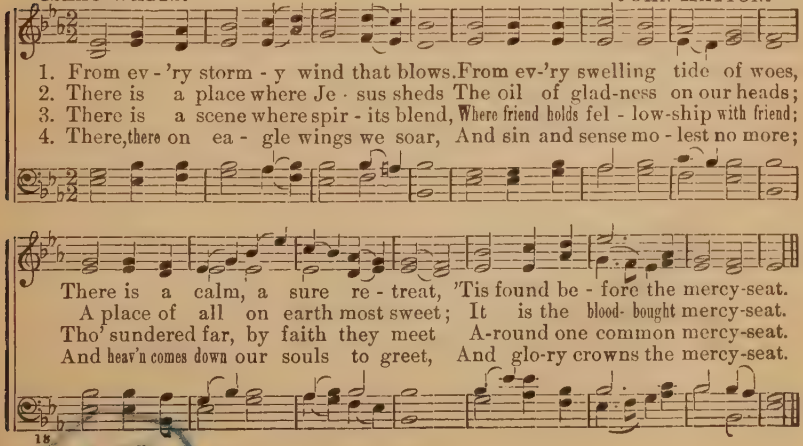
1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

## No. 203. Duke Street.

ISAAC WATTS. JOHN HATTON.



## No. 204. Antioch.

I. Watts. Arr. from Geo. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her king; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-
glo - ries of his right-eous-ness, And wonders of his love, And
And heav'n, and heav'n and nature

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat - ure sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won-ders of his love, And wonders, and won - ders of his love.
sing, . . . . . .

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

## No. 205. Christmas.

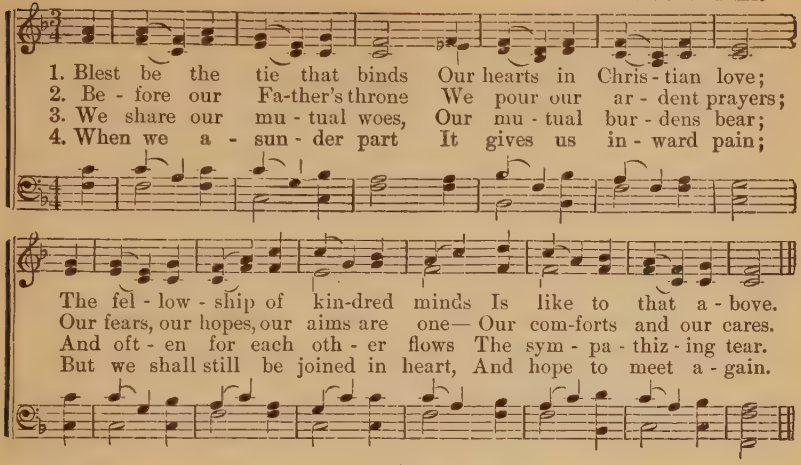
G. F. Handel.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'nly
2. A cloud of wit-ness-es around Hold thee in full sur-vey; For - get the
3. 'Tis God's all-an - i-mat-ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new luster boast, When vic-tors'

race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.
steps al-read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.
hand pre-sents the prize, To thine up-lift- ed eye, To thine up-lift-ed eye.
wreaths and mon-arch gems, Shall blend in common dust, Shall blend in common dust.

## No. 206. Dennis.

Rev. John Fawcett, 1772. From H. G. Nageli.




## No. 207.

1 How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up
Shall guard his children well.

3 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

## No. 208.

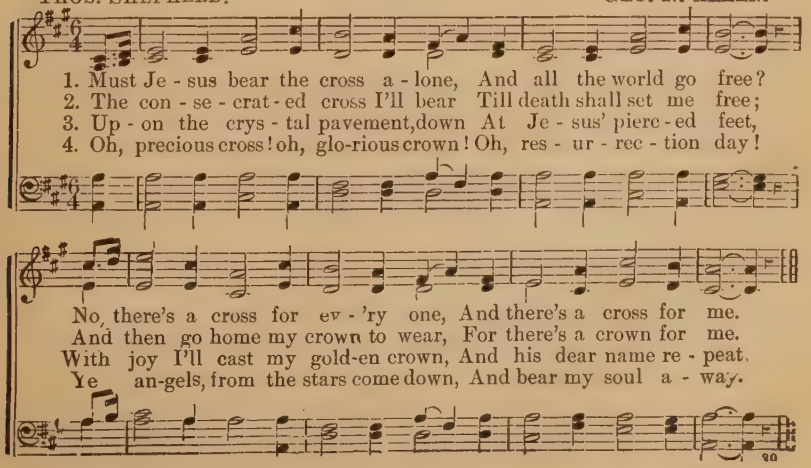
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, oh, my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

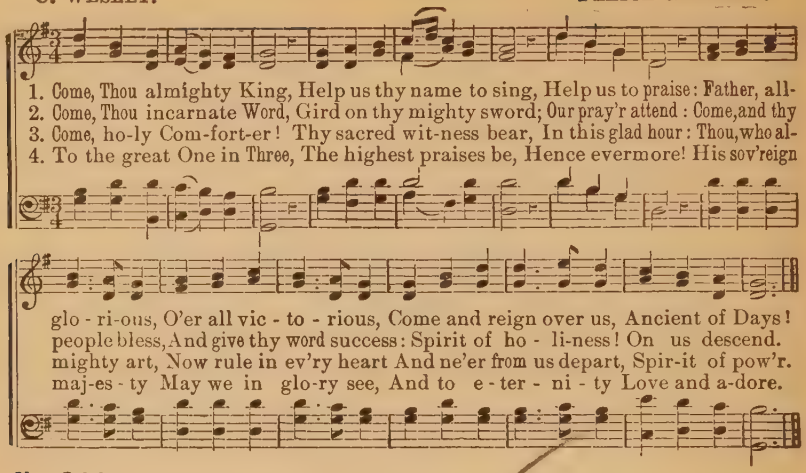
## No. 209. Maitland.

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.



## No. 210. Italian Hymn.

C. Wesley. Felice Giardini.




## No. 211.

1 Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply:
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing forever more,
"Worthy the Lamb."

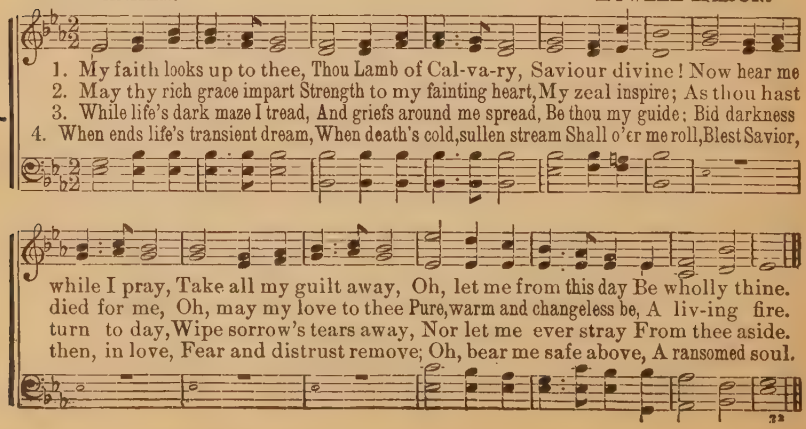
2 Ye who surround the throne,
Join cheerfully in one,
Praising his name:
Ye who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad—
"Worthy the Lamb."

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice
"Worthy the Lamb."

4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name:
To him our songs we'll bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb."

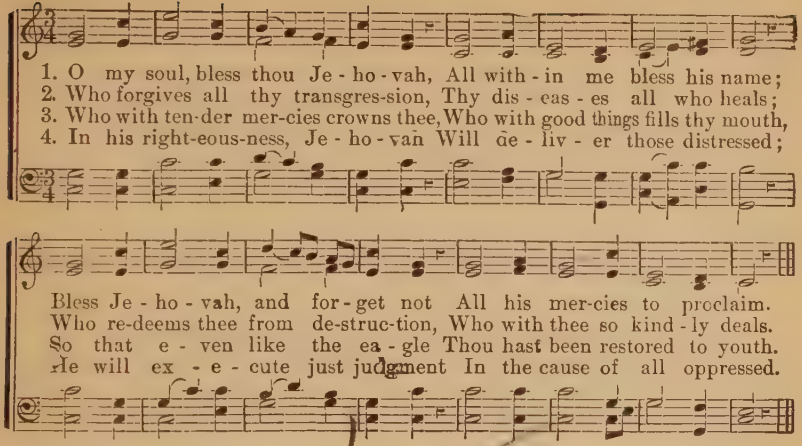
## No. 212. Olivet.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



## No. 213. Rathbun.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.




## No. 214.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight,
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

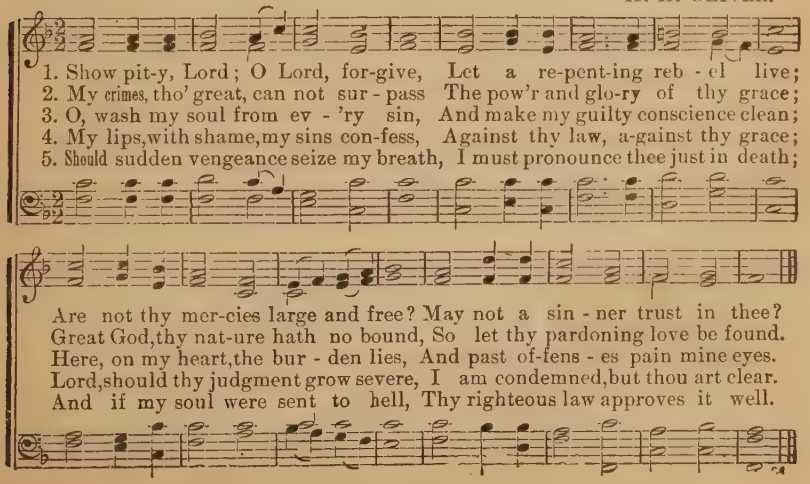
4 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

5 Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

6 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.

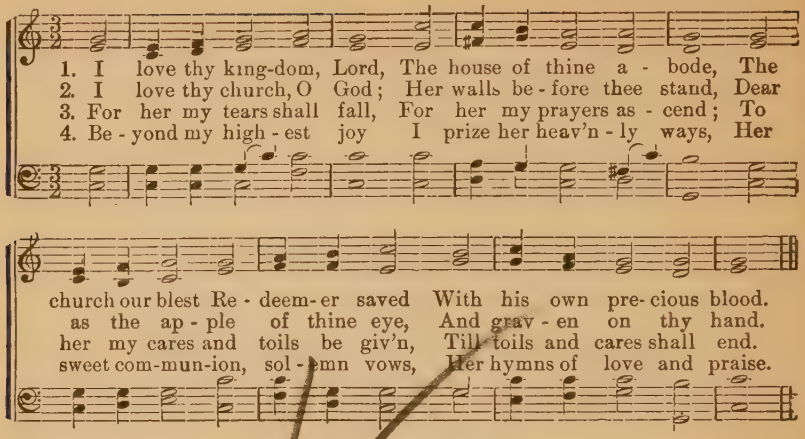
## No. 215. Federal Street.

H. K. OLIVER.



## No. 216. Boylston.

Dr. Lowell Mason.




## No. 217.

1 Oh, come and dwell in me
Spirit of power within,
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in tny sight.

## No. 218.

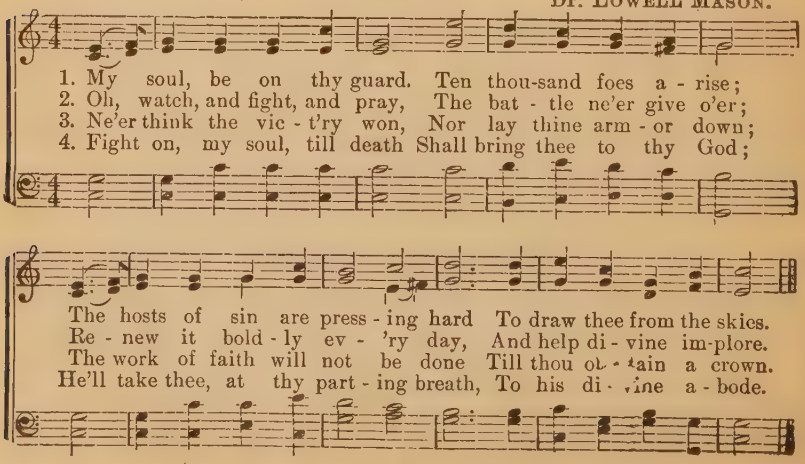
1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

3 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

## No. 219. Laban.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



## No. 220. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER. LOWELL MASON.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
{ Work while the dew is sparkling, ( *Omit.* . . . . . ) Work 'mid spring-ing

*D.C.* Work, for the night is coming, ( *Omit* . . . . . ) When man's work is

FINE. *Cres.* D. C.

flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the glow-ing sun;
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

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## No. 221. Naomi.

ANNIE STEELE. H. G. NAGELI.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-ereign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And make me live to thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour-ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

26

## No. 222.

1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

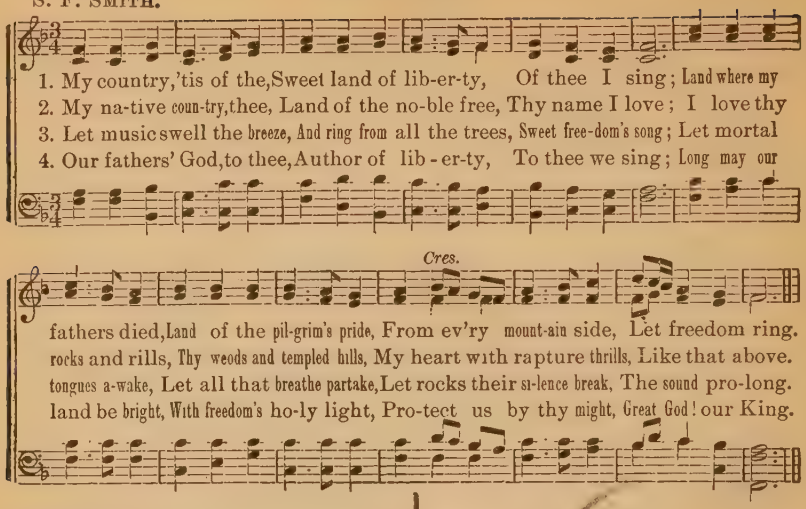
3 My great protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

200

## No. 223. America.

S. F. Smith.



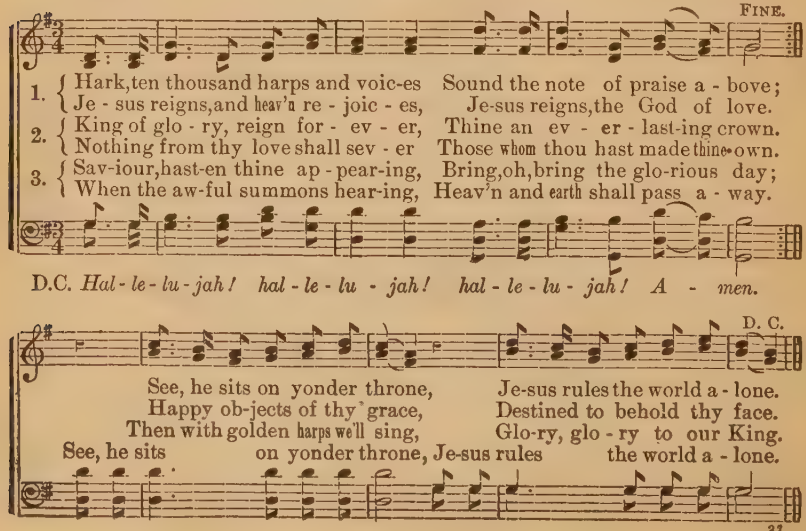

## No. 224.

1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state.

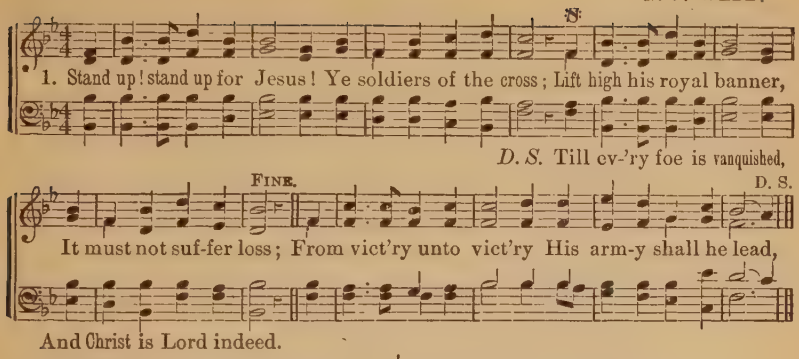
## No. 225. Farwell.

T. Kelly. Lowell Mason.



## No. 226. Webb.

G. Duffield. G. J. Webb.




2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

## No. 227.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

## No. 228.

1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in him confiding,
I can not but rejoice.

## No. 229. Zion.

T. Kelly. Dr. T. Hastings.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands; }
{ Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on long in hos-tile lands; } Mourning

captive! God himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee:
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now be past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

## No. 230.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day.
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdom's wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night.
And redemption
Freely purchased win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease,
May thy lasting, wide dominion,
Multiply and still increase.
Sway thy sceptre
Saviour, all the world around.

## No. 231. Key D.

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,—
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

## No. 232. Key A flat.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

## No. 233. Coronation.

E. PERRONET. OLIVER GOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all,
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

## No. 234. Ortonville.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

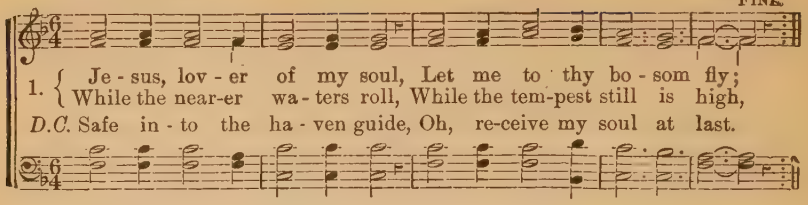
1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev-'ry foe: That will not
2. That will not murmur nor com-plain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But in the
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without; That when in
4. A faith that keeps the narrow way Till life's last hour is fled, And, with a
5. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en

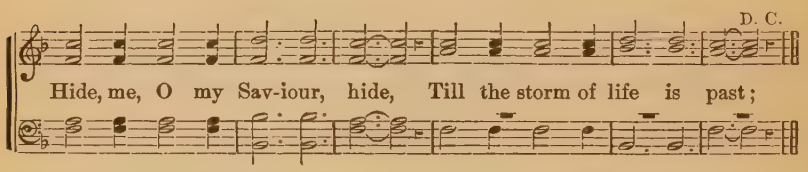
trem-ble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe, Of an - y earth-ly woe.
hour of grief or pain, Will lean upon its God, Will lean up-on its God.
dan - ger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt, In darkness feels no doubt.
pure and heav'n-ly ray, Lights up a dy - ing bed, Lights up a dy - ing bed.
here, the hallow'd bliss Of an e - ter - nal home, Of an e - ter - nal home.

204

## No. 235. Martyn.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



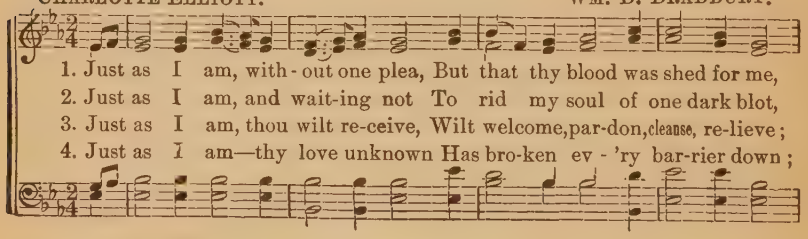

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

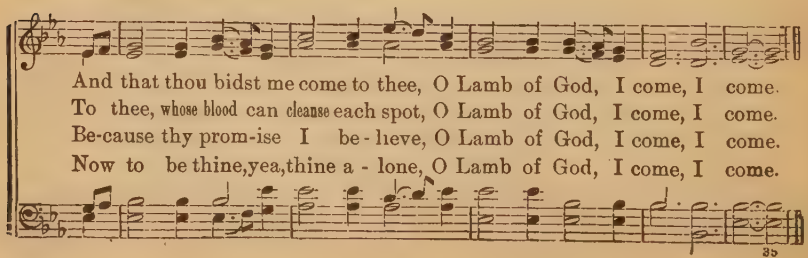
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

## No. 236. Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.



# INDEX.

## Titles in Small Caps—First Lines in Roman.


| | No. |
|---|---|
| ABIDE WITH ME | 95 |
| ABIDING AND CONFIDING | 52 |
| Alas! and did my Saviour bleed | 200 |
| A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS | 88 |
| ALL THE DAY LONG | 25 |
| All the way my Lord's leading | 111 |
| ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' | 233 |
| ALL TO CHRIST I OWE | 166 |
| AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS? | 198 |
| AMERICA | 223 |
| And can I yet delay | 218 |
| ANTIOCH | 204 |
| ANYWHERE WITH JESUS | 85 |
| ARE YOU A REAPER? | 160 |
| ARE YOU LAYING UP YOUR | 121 |
| ARE YOU LIVING IN THE | 8 |
| ARLINGTON | 198 |
| Are you sowing the seeds of the | 21 |
| ARE YOU WEARY? | 35 |
| ARISE AND SHINE | 147 |
| ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE | 188 |
| AS PANTETH THE HART | 118 |
| ASLEEP IN JESUS | 53 |
| AT CALVARY | 12 |
| AT THE DOOR | 137 |
| At thy heart the Lord is standing | 14 |
| A wedding feast at Galilee | 54 |
| A wonderful Saviour is Jesus | 86 |
| BALERMA | 200 |
| BENEATH THE BLOOD | 27 |
| Before Jehovah's awful throne | 195 |
| Before the Saviour's judgment | 16 |
| Blest be the tie that binds | 206 |
| BLESSED ASSURANCE | 64 |
| BOYLSTON | 216 |
| BROTHER, WON'T YOU SEND THE | 114 |
| BUILDING FOR ETERNITY | 104 |
| By and by we shall meet | 30 |
| CARRY IT ALL TO JESUS | 37 |
| Children of the heavenly King | 105 |
| CHRISTMAS | 205 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove | 199 |
| Come, said Jesus' sacred voice | 193 |
| Come, sinners, to the living one | 13 |
| Come thou almighty King | 210 |
| Come, thou fount | 19 |
| COME TO JESUS | 55 |
| COME YE DISCONSOLATE | 103 |
| CORONATION | 233 |
| CROWNS OF GLORY | 2 |
| Dear father, to thy mercy seat | 222 |
| DENNIS | 206 |
| Did Christ o'er sinners weep | 208 |
| DON'T KEEP JESUS WAITING | 89 |
| DOWN AT THE CROSS | 59 |
| DRAW ME NEARER | 109 |
| DUKE STREET | 203 |
| Dying with Jesus, by death | 158 |
| FADE, FADE, EACH EARTHLY JOY | 143 |
| Far away in the depths of my | 93 |
| Father, whate'er of earthly bliss | 221 |
| FEDERAL STREET | 215 |
| First a gleam and then a glowing | 62 |
| FORWARD ON THE HEAVENLY | 116 |
| From all that dwell below the | 75 |
| From every stormy wind that | 203 |
| From Greenland's icy mountains | 173 |
| Give me a heart of calm repose | 153 |
| GLORY TO HIS NAME | 59 |
| Glorious things of thee are spoken | 214 |
| Glory to God on high | 211 |
| GO AND TELL JESUS | 132 |
| GOD BLESS YOU | 171 |
| God bless our native land | 223 |
| God moves in a mysterious way | 192 |
| HAMBERG | 194 |
| Happy in the Saviour | 142 |
| HARK! A GENTLE WHISPER | 82 |
| HARK! HARK! MY SOUL | 162 |

206


| | No. |
|---|---|
| Hark! I hear a cry ascending.... | 114 |
| Hark! ten thousand harps and... | 225 |
| Hark! the Good Shepherd is..... | 42 |
| Hark! the voice of Jesus ..... | 168 |
| Harwell..... | 225 |
| Happy in the Saviour..... | 142 |
| Heber ..... | 196 |
| Hebron..... | 197 |
| He Hideth My Soul ..... | 86 |
| He Is Guiding My Helm ..... | 180 |
| He Is Able to Deliver..... | 76 |
| He leadeth me, Oh blessed ..... | 231 |
| He Never Says Good Bye. ... | 112 |
| He Saves Me..... | 74 |
| Hiding in Thee..... | 49 |
| Holy, Holy, Holy ..... | 1 |
| Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.. | 97 |
| Horton ..... | 193 |
| How blest the thought that..... | 65 |
| How Can I But Love Him .... | 87 |
| How Firm a Foundation ..... | 169 |
| How gentle God's command ..... | 207 |
| How sweet the name of Jesus.... | 196 |
| How tedious and tasteless the.... | 163 |
| I am Coming to the Cross.... | 57 |
| I am now a child of God. ..... | 166 |
| I am Satisfied With Jesus . . | 176 |
| I cannot see beyond the moment. | 124 |
| I Do Believe..... | 77 |
| If any man thirst let him come. . | 58 |
| If you are tired of your load..... | 63 |
| If you could see Christ standing.. | 130 |
| I have a Father who is kind. .. | 15 |
| I have a friend, a precious friend. | 41 |
| I Have Kept the Faith..... | 154 |
| I have learned the wondrous..... | 52 |
| I hear the Saviour say..... | 39 |
| I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.. | 187 |
| I heard it first at mother's knee.. | 6 |
| I know that my Redeemer lives.. | 192 |
| I know that my Saviour is coming | 180 |
| I Love to Tell the Story ... | 108 |
| I'll Go Where You Want Me | 4 |
| I'll Trust Where I Cannot... | 15 |
| Immanuel, Prince of Peace ... | 144 |
| I'm Going Home ..... | 9 |
| I'm not ashamed to own my Lord | 202 |
| I'm on life's ocean..... | 81 |
| In pain on couch of weakness.... | 112 |
| In the courts of heaven we'll sing | 102 |
| In the Christian's Home in... | 184 |
| In tenderness he sought me..... | 91 |
| In the Fortress of His Love. | 7 |
| In the rifted rock I'm resting.... | 117 |
| In vain, in high and holy lays.... | 120 |
| I Sing of the Home-Land..... | 24 |
| Is there a heart that is waiting... | 20 |
| Italian Hymn ..... | 210 |
| It is Better Farther on . ... | 100 |
| It is Not Death to Die..... | 113 |
| It may be on the mountain top... | 4 |
| It Never Grows Old..... | 106 |
| I've wandered far away from God | 125 |
| I was drifting away on life's..... | 140 |
| I was tempest tossed on the sea.. | 98 |
| I Will Boldly Tell to All... | 67 |
| I Will Tell of His Goodness. | 136 |
| I Would Not Live Always.... | 177 |
| Jesus at the Door..... | 14 |
| Jesus is Living With Me..... | 26 |
| Jesus is Passing This Way.... | 20 |
| Jesus, lover of my soul..... | 235 |
| Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me..... | 140 |
| Jesus, the Very Thought of.. | 201 |
| Just as I Am..... .... | 236 |
| Laban..... ... | 219 |
| Lead Me Gently Home, Father | 23 |
| Lead Me, Saviour..... | 73 |
| Leaning on the everlasting arms. | 44 |
| Let Him Come..... | 58 |
| Let Him In..... .... | 39 |
| Let Jesus Come Into Your.... | 63 |
| Life is Mine..... | 156 |
| Lift up your eyes to the fields.... | 160 |
| Listen to His Voice..... | 82 |
| Living in the Sunshine ..... | 8 |
| Lo! the Army of Our King... | 47 |
| Look, sinner to Jesus, the risen.. | 78 |
| Lord, I'm Coming Home..... | 125 |
| Lord, Jesus, I Come..... | 107 |
| Loyalty to Christ. ..... | 48 |
| Maitland..... | 209 |
| Make Me Like Thee..... | 69 |

28,696 207


| | No. |
|---|---|
| Make some other heart rejoice... | 10 |
| Man the Life-Boat..... | 164 |
| Manoah..... | 191 |
| Martyn..... | 235 |
| Missionary Hymn..... | 173 |
| Moment by Moment..... | 158 |
| Move Forward..... | 92 |
| Must Jesus bear the cross alone.. | 209 |
| My brother, look upward..... | 66 |
| My country 'tis of thee..... | 223 |
| My days are gliding swiftly by... | 155 |
| My faith looks up to thee. ..... | 212 |
| My heavenly home is bright and. | 9 |
| My Jesus, as Thou Wilt..... | 71 |
| My Jesus, I Love Thee..... | 182 |
| My Jesus Knows..... | 65 |
| My Mother's Bible..... | 150 |
| My Other Lost Sheep..... | 126 |
| My Pilot is Jesus ..... | 81 |
| My Saviour First of All..... | 5 |
| My soul be on thy guard..... | 219 |
| Naomi... ..... ..... | 221 |
| Nearer, My God, to Thee.... | 3 |
| Near the Cross..... | 185 |
| Night had fallen on the city..... | 90 |
| No, Not One ..... | 148 |
| No pain, no sorrow..... | 107 |
| Nothing to Pay ..... | 46 |
| Now the Day is Over..... | 127 |
| O Christ, thy precious self..... | 29 |
| O could I speak the matchless... | 151 |
| O'er all the hills of homeland.... | 24 |
| O'er the gloomy hills of darkness | 230 |
| O How He Loves Me..... | 41 |
| O Happy Day..... | 123 |
| Oh, sing that song to me again... | 144 |
| Oh, for a faith that will not shrink | 234 |
| Old Hundred..... | 75 |
| Olive's Brow..... | 101 |
| Olivet..... | 212 |
| O my soul, bless thou, Jehovah... | 213 |
| Once my eyes were blinded by... | 67 |
| On the mountain top appearing.. | 229 |
| Onward, Christian Soldier... | 110 |
| Ortonville ..... | 234 |
| O spread the tidings round..... | 36 |

| | No. |
|---|---|
| Pass Me Not..... | 33 |
| Paul and Silas..... | 90 |
| Peace for Thee..... | 45 |
| Peace, Perfect Peace..... | 119 |
| Praise God from whom all..... | 75 |
| Praise His Name.... ..... | 111 |
| Rathbun..... | 213 |
| Ready When the Call is. ... | 168 |
| Redeemed..... ..... | 96 |
| Repeat the glad story..... | 106 |
| Rescue the Perishing..... | 190 |
| Rest for the Weary Feet.... | 133 |
| Rest in the Lord ..... | 98 |
| Revive Us Again..... | 186 |
| Rock of Ages..... | 161 |
| Room at the Cross..... | 115 |
| Safe in the Arms of Jesus... | 79 |
| Salvation, Oh, the joyful sound... | 83 |
| Saved by Grace..... | 94 |
| Saviour, lead me, lest I stray..... | 73 |
| Search the Scriptures..... | 18 |
| Shall We Gather at the..... | 170 |
| Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive.. | 215 |
| Since I have opened wide the door | 80 |
| Since I lost my sins..... | 28 |
| Since Jesus Dwells in Me ... | 80 |
| Sin has thrown its arms around .. | 73 |
| Sing them over again to me..... | 183 |
| Sing Praise to His Name ..... | 30 |
| Sing to Jehovah..... | 172 |
| Soldiers in the Army..... | 60 |
| Sometimes a light surprises..... | 228 |
| Some day the silver chord will... | 94 |
| Sowing the Seed of the..... | 21 |
| Speed the Light ..... | 51 |
| Stand Up for Jesus..... | 226 |
| State Street..... | 157 |
| Sun of My Soul..... ... | 175 |
| Sweeping Through the Gates | 166 |
| Sweetly Resting..... ..... | 117 |
| Take a Step Forward Today. | 66 |
| Take the name of Jesus with you | 232 |
| The Better Land ..... | 149 |
| The Comforter Has Come..... | 36 |
| The Day Breaketh..... | 62 |
| The dear loving Saviour hath.... | 74 |

208


| | No. |
|---|---|
| The Lord is Our Leader | 146 |
| The Lost Found | 174 |
| The morning light is breaking | 227 |
| The mistakes of my life have | 137 |
| The New Song | 102 |
| The Next Step | 124 |
| The Old Ship Zion | 140 |
| The Old Time Religion | 139 |
| The Path of the Just | 50 |
| The precious Saviour's by my | 25 |
| The Shepherd is Calling | 42 |
| The shepherd who misses a sheep | 174 |
| The Shining Shore | 155 |
| The Spirit is Calling | 138 |
| The Spirit Saith Today | 43 |
| The Substitute Saviour | 29 |
| The Sweetest Story | 6 |
| The Very Same Jesus | 13 |
| The Way is Dark, O, Jesus | 31 |
| The Will of God | 167 |
| The World for Christ | 47 |
| There is a fountain filled with | 159 |
| There is a Blessed Harbor | 152 |
| There is a land | 140 |
| There is Glory in My Soul | 28 |
| There is a happy land | 179 |
| There's a dear and precious book | 150 |
| There's a land beyond the sea | 51 |
| There's a wideness in God's | 131 |
| There's not a friend | 148 |
| There'll Be Joy | 78 |
| There'll Be No Dark River | 56 |
| Thou Ever Living King | 145 |
| Thou Sun of Righteousness | 11 |
| Though faint, yet pursuing | 146 |
| Though many my burdens | 26 |
| Though Your Sins Be as | 84 |
| Through all the brightness | 154 |
| Thus far the Lord hath led me | 197 |
| Thy Will, O Lord, Be Done | 69 |
| 'Tis midnight and on Olive's brow | 101 |
| 'Tis the Blessed Hour | 17 |
| Traveling Home | 105 |
| Trust and Obey | 72 |
| Turning Water Into Wine | 54 |
| Under His Shadow | 76 |
| Upon the western plains | 48 |
| Victory | 142 |
| Walking as my Saviour leadeth | 100 |
| We are building in sorrow or joy | 104 |
| We are soldiers in the army | 60 |
| We're Nearing the City | 178 |
| We're On the Way | 34 |
| We, who follow, Christ the Lord | 50 |
| We Would See Jesus | 181 |
| What a fellowship | 44 |
| What a Friend We Have | 189 |
| What a precious, precious friend | 87 |
| What Time I'm Afraid | 68 |
| When I survey the wondrous | 194 |
| When my life's work is ended | 5 |
| When the prophet Daniel prayed | 76 |
| When the heart grows faint | 66 |
| When the judgment day shall | 134 |
| When the toilsome march is over | 2 |
| When we have come to Jordan's | 56 |
| When we walk with the Lord | 72 |
| When Will You Come | 40 |
| When you come to Christ | 45 |
| Wholly Following | 16 |
| Why care for the burdens | 70 |
| Why dost thou wander away | 32 |
| Within the perfect will of God | 167 |
| Wonderful Peace | 93 |
| Wonderful Love of Jesus | 120 |
| Wonderful Words of Life | 183 |
| Work for the Night | 220 |
| Work, Watch, Pray | 61 |
| Would You Believe | 130 |
| Would you know earth's highest | 10 |
| Years I spent in vanity and pride | 12 |
| Zion | 228 |

209

210

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